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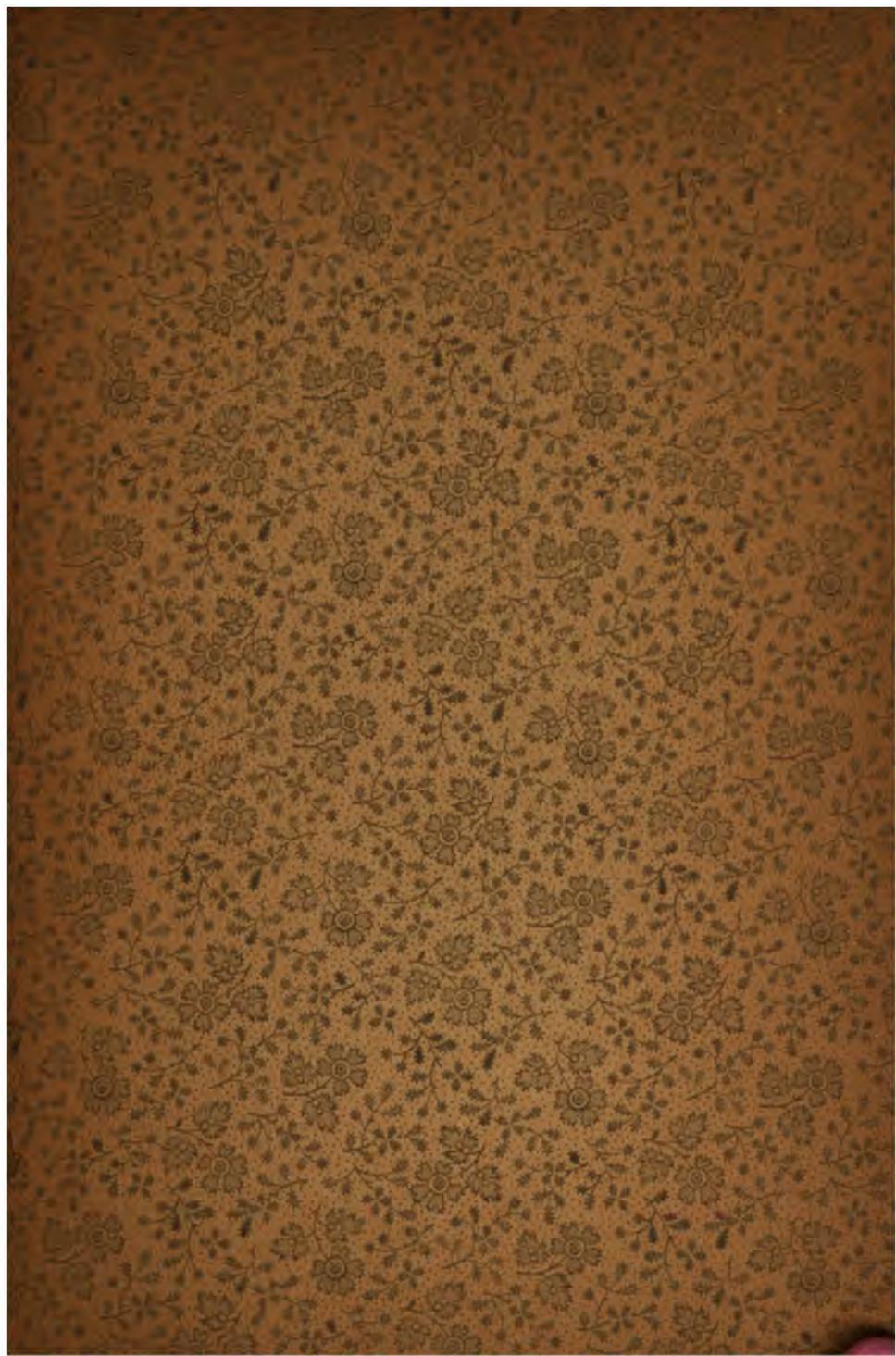
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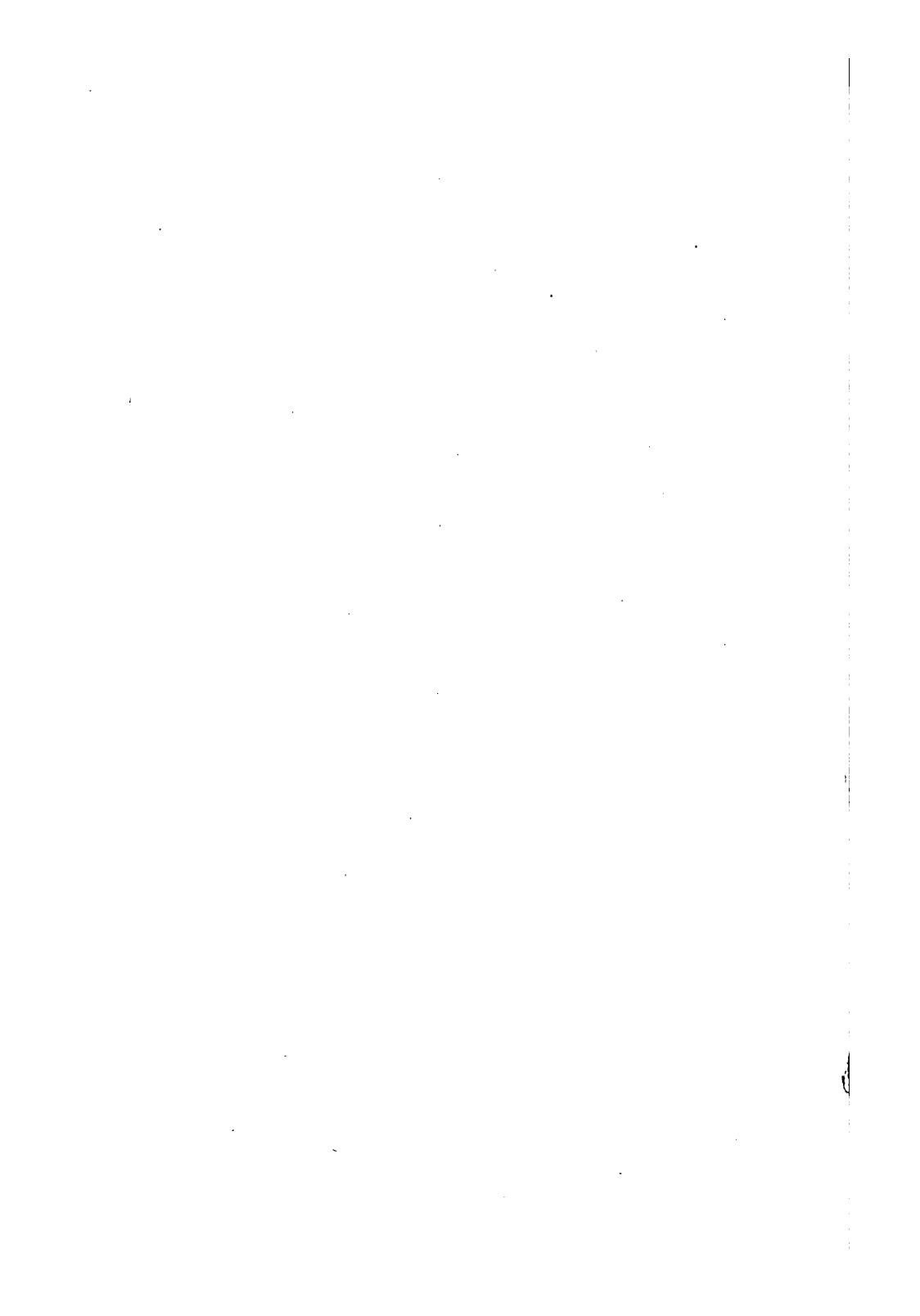


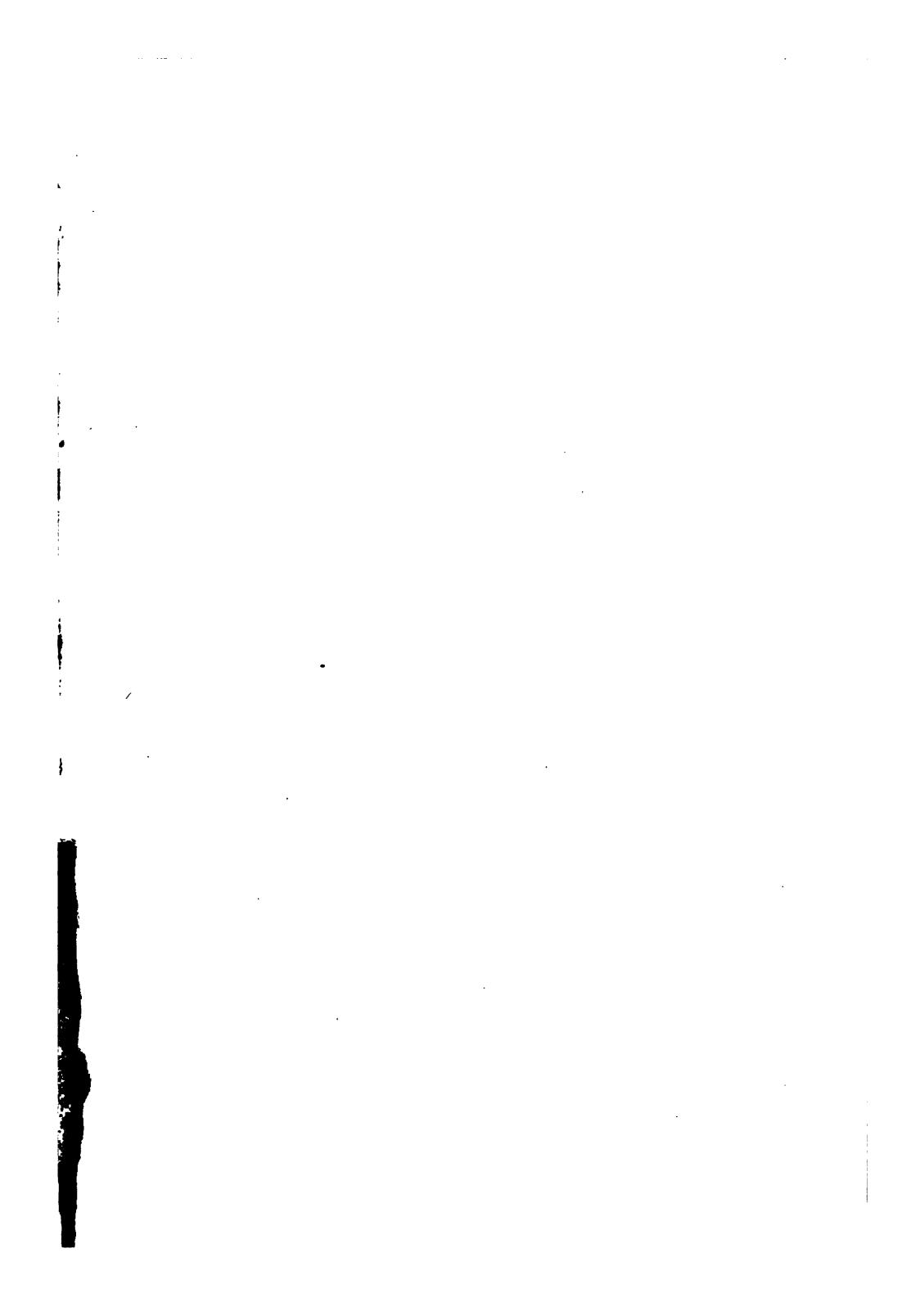
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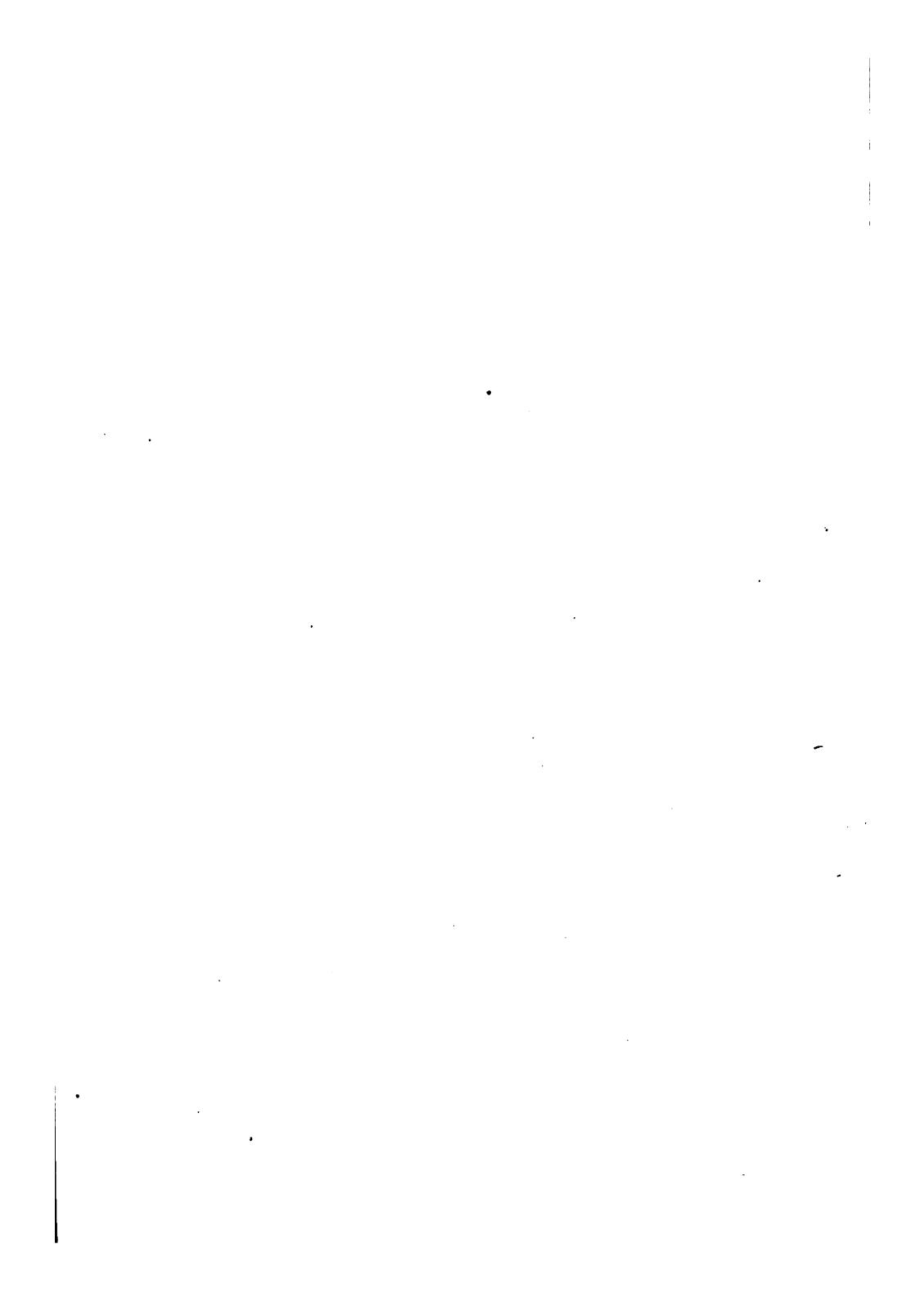
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A M A N

BY

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BOSTON

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THE MEANING OF THE WORLD: A MAN.

"For thou hast made him but little lower than God (Elohim), and crownest him with glory and honor."—PSALM viii. 5.

THE series of sermons for last year, as you will remember, bore the general title "Jesus and Modern Life." Though broadly and largely practical in its applications, its method was predominantly critical and theoretical. I have tried always from year to year, after devoting myself to one class of themes, to turn sharply to something else strongly contrasted with them, so as to avoid, if possible, even the appearance of repetition and monotony. This year, therefore, I have selected a line of topics which will lead us in intensely practical paths. I have called the series in its general title "A Man." I propose to consider a man in the daily relations of his life; and, after trying to set before you what a man really is, consider with you what such a being ought to think, to feel, to do, to be, in his practical relations.

First, this morning, as to our ideals of a man. As we study the Old Scriptures, we find two lines of thought concerning human nature, one of them representing man as grand and noble, the other speaking of him in most depreciating terms. I suppose these two ways of representing human nature are determined by the points of view of the writers, by the experiences of those who have given utterance to their

opinions, and also by the general theories which have been held concerning man's origin and his place in the universe. We find, for example, in the very first part of the Bible that God determines to create man, or the gods determine, I must say, to be strictly accurate ; for the word " Elohim " translated God in the first verse of Genesis is a plural word, and, literally translated, means " the strong ones." These same beings are spoken of as creating the world ; and, after the world is created and peopled with all the lower orders of life, they say one to another, Let us create man in our own image. So the first thought of human nature that we find in the Bible is a noble, a divine thought.

A little later, in the third chapter of Genesis, we find, after man has committed that sin which is supposed to constitute his fall, these same Elohim utter their opinion concerning him in words like these : Behold the man by partaking of the tree of knowledge of good and evil has become as one of us, and only lacks the gift of immortality to place him on a level with his Creators. Then in this verse which I have taken as my text from the Psalms the same strain is maintained. The writer of the Psalm, addressing God and speaking of man, says, Thou hast made him but little lower than the angels, as it is in the old version. In the new version it is God. In the margin it is Elohim, because that is the word which is to be found in the original, the same word that we find in Genesis as representing the world creator and the man creator.

But we have only to turn from Genesis and Psalms to the Book of Ecclesiastes, and we find here that man is represented as being on the level with the brute. It is declared in so many terms that there is no radical distinction between him and the brutes. The same soul that they have is in him ; and, when he dies, he goes to the same place,—that is, he is returned into nothingness.

When we get to the New Testament, we find this same dual representation of human nature. We find Jesus speaking of men in the grandest terms, appealing to them as capable of right thinking, as capable of right doing,—Why of your own selves judge ye not what is right?—and appealing to that which is deepest and highest in them, saying, Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect,—assuming that they can be.

But, when we turn to the rest of the New Testament, we find the Epistles speak of man as a broken fragment, the ruin of his former self, as an abject creature, as one incapable of right thinking, right feeling, right doing, as under the curse of God. But, at the last, in the words of John, the dominant tone of the Bible comes out again; and he declares, Now, are we sons of God; and, with an outlook far ahead, he says, And it doth not yet appear what we shall be,—it is not yet made manifest what we shall be,—but something finer and higher yet seems to be in his prophetic mind.

When we leave the New Testament and come into the region of theology, we find the minor strain concerning human nature generally dominant. Augustine set the keynote to the minor music that has dolefully set forth the weakness and the frailty of man. Augustine in his youth was a Manichæan; that is, he held that old Oriental idea which taught that matter in all its forms is essentially evil, and only evil, and so man as an embodied being was necessarily an evil being, and the only way for him to become anything else was to fight against nature, beat it down, trample it under foot, and die to escape and be free.

In the hymns of the religious world for the last five hundred years the thought of man has been as a worm of the dust, crawling painfully through this vale of tears. That has been the predominant thought. Very rarely have we heard

of man as capable of anything more. The Protestant theology, following Calvin and Luther, has taught that man, without special miraculous aid from God, has been utterly incapable of thinking, of feeling, of doing anything that is right and true.

And the theologians have not been alone. There is a certain class of scientists who, studying man almost exclusively from the physical side, have found him a poor creature indeed. Not a great many years ago I had some correspondence with Dr. Henry Maudsley, of London, one of the famous English writers from the point of view of materialism. We were touching on the question as to the possibility of man's being immortal ; and Dr. Maudsley frankly, almost brutally, says that it is a marvel to him how any one looking over the face of society, and seeing what men and women actually are, can ever dream that they are worth keeping. He has only the poorest, most contemptuous idea of human nature. He thinks that the universe could do better with the raw material of human nature than to perpetuate it in any form.

I find all about me what seem to me low and poor conceptions of human nature. I find men and women following such lines of life, engrossed in such pursuits, so transitory, so unworthy of the best possibilities of their nature, that I find myself wondering as to what conception they have of themselves. There is pride enough, there is vanity enough, there is conceit enough ; but there is not enough of a grand, dignified self-esteem, there is not enough of that belief in the possibilities of human nature that shall lift people up above the low levels of their petty concerns, and lead them to live as immortals, as children of God. I hear expressions of this opinion, especially on the part of business men about their associates. One of my friends has often, in a loving

and gentle way, remonstrated with me since I have been here, telling me that I have too high an ideal of the honesty, the good sense, the general integrity of the average man. He says, If you could only stand by my side day after day and week after week, and deal with men as, greedily and eagerly and selfishly, they are fighting for the main chance, you would not have so high a conception of them as you seem to possess.

I wish, then, at the outset, in this series of sermons on "A Man," to consider with you for a little while some aspects of human nature that will tend to lift us and to lift the world on to a higher level. Our Unitarianism in a certain way is pledged to this; for Channing—I think I am correct in saying this—was the first distinguished theologian of the modern world who from first to last contended for the essential dignity and glory of human nature.

Let us, then, look for a moment at this human nature. Let us consider it on one side and on the other, and see what we are, and dimly foretell what we may be.

1. And, first, I wish to hint to you the magnificent story that science has to tell as to the origin and nature of man. When Darwinism was first propounded to the world as a theory, and men began to consider the possibility of their descent, at least so far as their bodies were concerned, from animal forms, there was an outcry everywhere that human nature was being degraded by such a conception of it.

But look at the contrast for a moment. The old theory made this world only a tiny affair and of very brief duration. It was only six thousand years or a little less to the very beginning. Man was made by a word. The Almighty was supposed to have uttered a breath, and man *was*. Now, it seems to me if man could be made even by Omnipotence in this off-hand manner, then it might be natural for us to con-

sider that he was not of any great account. If a breath of the Divine could people the earth with men and women, and the next breath sweep them like autumn leaves into the abyss, and the next breath repeople the planet with beings of perhaps a higher race, then we might well say that they were not of much account. But, when we turn to the story of science, the real word of God, we learn another lesson. Remember, when we are talking about the word of God, that Genesis is a collection of the speculations of fallible men; but the story that science tells, although it may be wrong in some of its details, is, in the main, the translation of the real word of God, written by the divine finger itself on the rocky leaves of the earth.

What is this story? It will show to us that even Omnipotence could not create a man by a breath; for I think we are to presume that God would not have taken a round-about way, through a process of millions and millions of years, to make a man if he could have uttered him in a word.

How did he make him? We are to presume that the Almighty, All-wise, made him in the best way conceivable. As a matter of fact, then, we are to go back in imagination to a time when the space now occupied by the solar system, the sun, the planets, their moons, the comets, the asteroids, whatever made up and whatever completely filled this space not only, but a many times larger space, was occupied by a nebula,—a nebula precisely such as astronomers discern to-day in the far-off deeps of space. This was the fire-mist,—a condition of things that might be created again by an adequate application of heat melting the sun and the planets, and turning them into a vapor and scattering them through space. We are to go back, then, nobody knows how many æons of time, to this condition of things. We are to see this nebula condensing, gradually cooling, wheeling in

circles, flinging off rings as the substance of which it was composed became condensed, these rings breaking up and tumbling together into planets, these again flinging off smaller rings, and condensing into smaller satellites, or moons, until at last the sun shrunken into substantially its present size, shone out, and the planets with their moons were circling about him. Then, how many ages after nobody knows, the molten earth gradually cools; and by and by there is an atmosphere, and water and land, and the continuous process of creation goes on. The lowest forms of life appear in the ooze of those primeval ocean shores. There is a beginning of a spine, the beginning of sentiency, or the ability to feel. The light waves play on it until eyes come out to see, and the sound waves play on it until ears come out to hear. Then the forms of life increase in complexity and rise in range of being. The first forms are horizontal. They begin to rise through reptile, grow to bird and mammal, until at last perpendicular on his feet stands *a man*,—a man with a poor enough brain indeed, but a brain that is capable of beginning to think and ask questions; a man with the possibility in him of love, of a love, beginning with mate and child, that shall ultimately reach out until it embraces every living thing. And the eyes which came out first, simply to note the distinction between light and shade, have come to see all the marvel, the glory, the beauty, about him in the world. And the ear, which came out to note merely the distinction between sound and silence, is refined until there are organ symphonies of the surf-beat on the sea-shore, the bird-songs in the woods, the music of the human voice, the songs of Mendelssohn, the operas of Wagner. And man has grown through the ages until he has become a being not only who feels and thinks, but who recognizes right and wrong, justice, love, goodness, until he is capable

of organizations of humanity, until we have come to where we stand to-day.

It is not my purpose to picture to you in detail this process, but only to point out to you that from the star-mist on, what the world was reaching after, what the world meant all the time, was *a man*. When the first ring was thrown off, it was the first step towards a man. When the sun shone out, it was looking for a man. When the earth became capable of sustaining life, and the first tiny form of sentient matter appeared here, it was the prophecy of a man. And up from reptile to bird and mammal, on through all these tireless, countless ages, the world was feeling after a man. Every single step of the creative power was toward the production of a man. Now, you are not to think of man henceforth as a being that could have been created by a breath or a word. It took the omnipotent power manifested in this universe, the power that swings the stars in their orbits,—it took this power millions of millions of ages, through this long, slow process, to lift life upon its feet, give it intelligence in its eyes, a voice, and the ability to think and feel.

Are you, then, to pour contempt upon this last and crowning work of countless ages of creative effort on the part of God? Are you to think that you are glorifying him by abasing yourself in the dust or talking about your fellow-creatures as worms, as pitiful beings, incapable of anything noble or grand? Remember that the meaning of the world, when at last it found articulate utterance, was found to be *a man*.

2. And now, in the second place, the wonderful product of all the ages has proved himself capable of turning and looking this creative process in the face,—looking the universe in the face and understanding it. Do you know what that means? There is no other being on the face of the

earth that even approximates a comprehension of the world. We read, and with smiles on our lips sometimes, the strange, naïve theories of the barbaric races of the world as to the stars, the sun, the moon. But the marvel of it is that man is a being that can turn and look the universe in the face and think about it. It is this which makes him overtop the planet, which makes him mightier than all the suns that float in space. Suppose you should find a horse or a dog somewhere that should have even the crudest and most fantastic theory about how the world came to be, about the nature of the sun and stars, would you not bend your knee in awe, as in the presence of some marvellous development of life that you had never thought of before? But here is man,—no matter how crudely he has done it, he has been able to ask this question of the world. He has been able to think of the creative power and the processes by which it has brought to pass everything that is. Man is greater than the stars, because he can measure them. He sees a little tiny point of light in the far-off blue, and it looks like one little star. He builds him a telescope, and disentangles the complex rays of light until he finds that there is not one star there, but two. Then he is able to measure the light and the motion of these two stars, telling which way they are travelling and how many thousands of miles in a second. He is able not only to take up the mountains as a very little thing, and to weigh the sea in scales, but he is able to weigh the most distant suns as they sweep through space. He has taken this white ray of light and unravelled it, and found out the marvellous complexity that out of so many colored rays results at last in the white light. And by an instrument which he has invented he is able to tell by analysis of this ray of light the component parts which make up the most distant visible sun, just as he would analyze the rays of a candle,

and tell you what it is that is burning to produce its flame. Man, then, is greater than all the things that make up this universe, because he is able to comprehend these things.

And, just as fast and as far as he is able to push his investigations, he finds that the universe is reasonable,—that is, that it matches his brain and his method of thinking,—so that he is able to come to the stupendous conclusion that he who made the universe thinks as he thinks, so that he can say, as did Kepler after he had discovered the laws of planetary motion, “O God, I think thy thoughts after thee.” He is able to find the footsteps of the Creator, and place his own feet in the steps he has made.

3. Another point, as hinting to you the greatness, or the possible greatness, of this creature man. Not only is he able to comprehend the universe and find that it is reasonable, that it answers to his own method of thinking, but he is able to prove it by entering into the creative work of God himself and becoming in his turn co-creator. This is literally true. The lower animals of the world have indeed done something, even the poor earthworms, in working over and reconstructing the face of the planet; but man alone has been able to work with purpose and plan, to discern the process that is going on, the forces at work, and co-operate with them and bring to pass results which without man would never have been produced. You are beginning to be familiar with the thought that the work of creation, so far as God is concerned, is not complete. The world is not done. God is at work just as much now in the distant stars, among the nebulae, and on this little planet, as he ever was. The idea that he created the universe in six days, or in six periods, or in any particular number of periods of time, and finished and pronounced his work good, and rested, is only the crude thought of primitive man. God is never done, has never

rested, and needs no rest. As Jesus says, "My Father worketh hitherto," — up to the present time ; and he works forever. These natural forces of the world are engaged still in sculpturing the mountains, in scooping out the valleys, in depositing the sediment which makes the land, in upheaving the depressions, changing the surface of the earth, and in shaping the continents. That is all going on still as it has always done. But man has entered into this operation ; and within the last two or three thousand years he has done more to re-create the surface of the world than God by natural processes, apart from man, would have done in a thousand ages. Man has made forests where there were deserts. He has made deserts where there were forests. He has made seas where there was dry land, and dry land where there were seas. He has changed the course of rivers. He has cut through by his canals, and changed promontories and continents almost into islands. He has reconstructed the face of the earth, and has done this with purpose and plan. He has created that of which he dreamed, producing out of the wilderness that garden which men have always fancied at the far-off beginning of the race.

4. One thought more. Not only are these things true, but, even if you were able to look over the face of human society and despise man, the average man for what he is, for his folly, for his weakness, for his sins, even then the story is only begun ; for man, as he stands to-day and in the face of all that he has accomplished, is only a prophecy of something grander still to be.

Now let me give you one brief word of Tennyson which shall set forth with beautiful force that which I mean. He is speaking of a certain class of critics, or judges of men. He says : —

... "If they find
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
Without the will to lif' their eyes, and see
Her Godlike head crown'd with spiritual fire,
And touching other worlds."

Remember, then, that man, taken in the average, is not over-wise, is not over-unselfish, is not over-good; but this race of ours has produced Buddha, has produced Confucius, has produced Zoroaster, has produced Socrates, has produced Mohammed, has produced Jesus, all these great religious leaders of the world who have towered so high that they seem to have communed face to face with God, and sent down his light for the guidance of their fellow-men. And this which humanity has been in one instance is that which it may be in the poorest, the meanest, the lowest of us all.

Then look at the ranks of the poets who have sung the thought, the feelings, the aspirations, of humanity. And, though Homer and Dante and Goethe and Shakspere and Milton stand before us, still, I believe, they are only the beginning of that which shall be and of those who shall more completely utter that which the race shall come to feel.

And, as we study the philanthropists of the world, the tireless reformers who work for the bettering of human conditions, helping to solve the political and industrial problems of the race, we shall have a similar belief. The dreams of Plato and Sir Thomas More, and all those who have dreamed of a Utopia, are only glimpses and prophecies of what is to be realized. There is nothing that the wildest dream has ever foretold that we sons and daughters of God may not be able to attain. As we look back on what has

been and forward to what may be, there is not one of those dreams that we may not turn into a reality. The human race, then, is as yet only a prophecy of that people which one day shall walk a free, clean, bright earth, beneath a glad, fair sky.

A man, then,—*a man* is what the world meant from the beginning. A man is a being who can think the universe, and so think God. A man is a being who can co-operate with God as creator. A man is a being who, having accomplished already such magnificent results, is only seeing dimly through the twilight of the early morning of human civilization, but gaining glimpses of what shall be when the perfect day has dawned.

As, then, we go on to consider the practical relations of man, the work that is before him, the things that he may be and ought to do, let us not say how pitiful and poor and weak a thing is man. Let us not say we are making undue demands upon either his wisdom or his strength. Let us say rather we are sons of God, and to us all things are possible.

THE MEANING OF A MAN: A SOUL.

I SHALL venture to take a text this morning from a modern scripture, from Browning,— “The development of a soul, little else is worth study.” These words may be found in an introductory note to “Sordello,” this note having been addressed by the poet to a friend. In this note it was his purpose to set forth the object that he had in writing this poem, to show by illustrative example the development of a soul, declaring that little else was worth our study.

Last Sunday morning we considered how the world, beginning with the fire-mist, through all the steps of its creative growth was feeling out after expression in a man. I wish this morning to show how humanity from the beginning has been reaching out after its expression in a soul,—that this is the culmination, and here is to be found the meaning of a man.

As summing up in brief and graphic way this development, I wish to read you an extract from Walt Whitman. You know he is the unrhymed although rhythmic poet of the natural. These words, I think, you will agree with me, as we study them carefully, are as fine and as grand as any in the creative description of Genesis; while they are truer to what we know to have been the natural order. Of course, when he uses the word “I,” he is speaking not only for himself, but for every man.

I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an encloser of things to be.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps,
All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing — I know I was even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long was I hugged close — long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen ;
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother, generations guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid — nothing could overlay it.

For it the rebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths, and deposited it with
care.

All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

In these words of Whitman is summed up the great fact that, from the beginning, the world was seeking a man, and that from the beginning of manhood on earth humanity was seeking its soul.

We are to judge anything always by its highest, judge it at the outcome, when it has given full expression to itself, and we can see its meaning.

Let me illustrate in one or two ways what I mean. Sup-

pose a man—for in this land of fancy we can suppose anything—who had never seen an apple-tree, and who had no one to tell him its meaning, and could not know it except as he watched it grow from the seed. At first the little, tiny sprouts, very like those of almost any other tree springing from the ground, he might think perhaps to be all. It is not large, not higher, perhaps, than the grasses about it. He watches it unfold until it becomes a shrub. He has seen thousands of shrubs; and he thinks this may be the meaning of this new growth, and that it is to be only a shrub. But it grows year after year until it is a tree; and he says, Here perhaps is the end: it is for shade, its branches are wide, its leaves are fine and fair,—perhaps this is the end of its development. But one lovely spring morning he finds it one mass of white and pink flowers; and he thinks it is only a larger kind of flower, that it is for beauty, and that is the end. But in a few days the blossoms fade and fall; and it is not so fair as those trees that never have blossoms which are noticed by the passer-by. After a while a tiny green ball appears where the blossom has fallen away, and it grows and grows; and perhaps, after it is half grown, he plucks one of these green globes, and tastes it, and finds that it is astringently bitter, and thinks, if this is the end, it is the work of some malevolent power. There is neither beauty nor taste nor use in it, so far as he can see. But he waits; and by and by, some day in the Fall, he finds these globes grown fair and beautiful. One falls into his hand at a touch: he tastes it, and finds that it is luscious, fit for food; and at last, by this highest outcome and product, he learns what the apple-tree meant all along. This is what it was for.

Suppose, again, that some one who had never seen a light-house should watch the process of building that one down the harbor on Minot's Ledge. The first process is at

low tide to drill deep and large holes down in the solid rock; and he, looking on and asking no questions, might suppose that these were for the purpose of blasting the rock away, and getting rid of it. But he finds they do not do this. After a while other blocks of rock are brought, and are bolted to the solid natural foundations. And this process goes on till it is forty feet of solid, piled up rock, each piece bolted solidly to that which is beneath it. And he thinks, This is some tower they are erecting, though for what purpose he might not be able to conjecture. It is solid: there is no place for any one to live in or even temporarily to stay. But above the forty feet it is hollow, all rocky-walled, but a room within. A room for what? Is it a house? Is some one going to live there? Would he take all this pains to make for himself an inaccessible home? But by and by, atop of the solid walls, there is plate glass, through which you can see in every direction. Then he begins to think that this is for an outlook, either to note the beauty of the landscape or to watch for approaching enemies, or to see the ships as they sail in and out day after day. But by and by, on some dark night, when everything is ready, out flashes the light for the guidance of ships that are seeking harbor; and then he says, The light is for the guidance and the help of the world: this is what it meant all the way. So, as we study man from the beginning in his lower range, and then climb higher and higher, we find out what a man is for, what a man means, what shall be the outcome. Let us, then, trace, as fully as we can in our time, the process, and see where we shall see land.

These bodies of ours were not created in a moment. They were not the result of a *Let bodies be, and they were.* Ages and ages it took to create these structures which are looked upon, perhaps, as so poor, and which we some-

times treat with such contempt. Every creature that has crawled, every creature that has swum, every creature that has flown, every creature that has wandered the jungles of the world, has been at work, under the guidance of the creative Intelligence, in creating these bodies of ours. And, as I said to you last Sunday, the physical form has climbed from the horizontal until now it is perpendicular. It can go no farther. The power of evolution has stopped there. This physical frame of ours is so constructed that it will go on many ages probably, perfecting along certain lines; but there can be no radical change in the structure of the human body except one of deterioration. And every part, every faculty, every passion, every taste, of these bodies, is healthful, is pure, is right. Men in some ages of the world have supposed, because they have felt the conflict between the lower and the higher in them, that the way to cultivate and develop the soul was to abuse, beat down, and trample under foot the body. We do, indeed, share these bodies with the beasts of the field; and there are still lurking within us physical traces, that I need not stop to call your attention to, of our animal origin. We still have the bear, the tiger, the fox, the snake, in us; and it is our business to rule these or to eliminate them. It is a part of the process of civilization, of the development of a soul, to outgrow these, to leave them to the animal where they essentially belong. And yet, as I have said, these things in themselves are right. They are not to be despised. They are to be mastered. They are to be used. However fine we may discover this nature of ours to be at the top, so long as it is in this world, so long as we are dealing with the facts of a life like this, we need bodies perfected, healthy, strong. We need to lay broad and deep our foundations, no matter how lofty the superstructure may be.

But the great fault of the past has been — and it has been a fault very natural at the time — that humanity has so frequently stopped there in the body, has been content to lead only a physical life. As I said, all the parts, the passions, of our physical nature are right, and are to be honored ; but he who lives only for these and in these, however magnificent he may be, is only a magnificent animal. A man has shown in a thousand ways that, when he has reached the perfection of his animal nature, instead of being through, instead of having found the meaning of his nature and his life, he has only begun.

I wish you to note all the way along that, though I may seem to divide off man arbitrarily into different parts, I do so merely for the purpose of discussion. You are not to think that man was all animal at first, and then something else, and then something else. He was all that he is now in seed, in potency, in promise, all that he ever will be, from the beginning. Only for clearness of discussion I make this arbitrary distinction.

Let us, then, take a step higher, and notice man as mind. We might at first think that we had got through here, so magnificent is this development. As we look over the world to-day, undoubtedly it is true that there are thousands and thousands and thousands of people who can hardly be said to have climbed up into anything higher than the mental ranges of their being ; and thousands of those thousands are living in the lower ranges of the mental still. Oh, these minds of ours, how wonderful they are ! Nobody has ever been able to define mind. Nobody has ever been able to measure or to comprehend it. We can comprehend and predict the orbit of a sun. We can weigh a star. But no man has ever yet been able to comprehend or to predict the orbit of the mind or to weigh or estimate a thought.

The mind, the thought, share their infinite mystery with the Infinite himself. And yet, as in the case of the body, all the way from the beginning, since the lowest creature began the process that we call thought, these creatures have been working, through all grades and through all ages, to build up your brain and mine. Sometimes we wonder that we cannot take a barbarian, and suddenly make him comprehend our highest civilized thought. As a matter of fact, you will find that there is nothing in this barbarian mind to appeal to with your higher thought. He has to be developed, he must climb up into this range of thinking, before your words have any meaning or your thought can find an echo. The brain progressively through all these ages has been growing finer in structure: it has more involved and complex folds. Its marvellous structure corresponds to the growth in the possibility and power of thinking. At last man learned speech, and speech grew from babbling to all this marvellous complexity and fineness of speech. Then he discovered an alphabet, arbitrary signs that should represent thought, that should be understood all around the world to represent a thought; and so, by making that sign and sending it to the other side of the planet, he could transfer thought from his own brain to that of another who should be capable of comprehending it. And so this mental structure, this mental growth, has gone on; and out of it have blossomed history, poems, all that we mean by the literature of the world.

No wonder at first, when men considered how magnificent a world they had created here, that they should think this is enough, that man is king by virtue of this power, and that this power of thought is a suitable end. But the world has discovered that thinking is not an end in itself. These brains of ours ought to be trained, indeed, to think. We are not half through yet with this matter of thinking. We call

ourselves in this church free thinkers in the grandest sense of the word ; but we are not free thinkers yet, the most of us. We are under the domination of bias, of prejudice, of inheritance, of personal predispositions, of desires. We want to find out that things are what we like them to be rather than to find out what is true. Is not this so of the most of us? We shall not be free thinkers until these brains of ours are as impartial as a pair of scales. Truth, truth, truth only represents and is the pathway to God, and to the highest and best conditions of humanity. And the only end of thinking is to find the truth, and to use this pathway of truth in leading humanity into right living and right thinking concerning the things that touch our human nature and our human welfare. A man, then, though he may be a magnificent animal, and though his mind be as unbiassed as a ray of light, is still not through : he has not found that for which he was created, if that is all. He has not found his meaning.

Let us take a step higher, then. We come here to the realm of beauty, of that which finds expression in art, in the love of fair forms and musical sounds. Here, indeed, is a palace where it would seem fitting that humanity might make her permanent abode; and there are thousands of people who are artists or who have trained themselves into the love of the beautiful who are contending to-day that this is the end, that it should be beauty for beauty's sake, art for art's sake, and that there is nothing higher. Here, again, it was through a long process of creative ages that man was built up to this magnificent idea of beauty.

From the time when our far-off progenitors began to scratch the figure of an animal on a rock with a sharp stone, or with a similar sharp stone scratched it upon the tusk of an elephant, from the time when he began to care for color, and to take the clays and soils of the earth to give ex-

pression to this love, from these far-off, barbaric ages until now men have been refining and refining in this direction up to the production of the highest dreams of beauty. Many think that we might be content here, and say that beauty should be cultivated for its own sake. But beauty for its own sake is not only intensely selfish, not only intensely unhuman, perhaps I might be justified in saying *inhuman*, for he who seeks only his own personal cultivation in this direction, and who is hurt by a discord as another might be by a blow, or is hurt by the crude in art as another might be by the most offensive sight that could be presented to him,—these men, instinctively, naturally, necessarily, if this is the object of their pursuit, draw themselves away from their fellow-creatures, and selfishly follow beauty for its own behoof, and live in it for their own delight. If, then, there be anything in our dream of a higher humanity for those who, like Jesus, have declared that the one who seeks his own life shall lose it, and he who loses his life shall be the only one who finds it,—if these men are right, if there is something in their dream in the way of a prophecy of a grander thing for the world, then, even in the world of art, we have not found the end of man, the meaning of a man.

Let us see if we can take still another step higher. We come here into a realm where souls like Jesus are at home,—the realm of love. Love is no new thing. The animal will die for its young. It will die for the herd; for they can organize into their own societies, and fight for the protection of each other, and they do. Man began where the animal began. Beginning with the love of offspring, he has developed this love until to-day, as you know, there are men in the world—I have known them, men and women, too—who love those that they have never seen, who love the bar-

baric, who love the crude, who love the slave, who love the prisoner, who love the criminal, who love the diseased, who love anything and everything that lives, that can feel, that is capable of pain, is capable of joy, that can love these and love them forever, love them enough to die for them, love them until we say that they are like God, giving themselves lavishly to all, for the welfare of all. Here, then, we are close on the borders of the meaning of a man; for here we catch a glimpse, we hear a whisper, of the divine rivulet flowing about us out of the very heart of God. As we look over the history of the world, as we look down the steps by which humanity has climbed to its present height, it is these men that have forgotten self, these men that have made themselves of no reputation, these men that have been willing that the body should suffer, if that must be, these men who have put aside the allurements of intellectual culture for the sake of others, these men who love beauty, but who have been willing to turn their backs upon it and become the companions of ugliness, these men that have not sought riches, these men that have not sought fame, these men that have not sought personal power,—it is these men in all ages on whose heads seems to rest the radiance of divine light that takes the shape of a crown. These men that have lived, these men that have served, these men that have given themselves for their fellows,—these, we say, are the highest; and, whether we are ready to imitate them or not, we perfuse bow the knee in their presence. We take off our hats in reverence, as we approach them. Here, we say, is something so much above the best in us, so much above the intellect, so much above literature, so much above the studies of art, so much above all that is beneath it, that it seems to be akin to God.

Let us take one step more, not necessarily, but yet for

completer definition ; for love, at its highest, is of the essence of soul. The man of most magnificent body, who is clear and cultured mind, who is all beauty and art, who is all love, yet may lack one thing more to link him with God. When a man becomes conscious of the fact that he is a soul, that he has been a soul from the first, and that he has been seeking to develop a soul all the way up ; when he becomes conscious of the fact that we are sons and daughters of God, that we are sparks born out of the Infinite Soul that we call God,—then it is that, taking on him the perfection of all that is beneath him, he first realizes in all its fulness what it is to be a man.

A man, then, is a soul, a man is a child of God, and a man leads a manly life only when he uses beauty and love like a child of God, when he walks this earth as an inheritor of eternity, as one who is at home in the universe, one who makes the things beneath him minister to the development of himself as a soul, and when he knows the life of the soul means living the godlike life in the midst of his fellows. Then, I say, for the first time may he exclaim, as did my supposititious man when he saw the light shine out from the completed structure of Minot's Ledge, "This is the meaning of a man!"

Now, I wish to read you another brief poem, by Tennyson, the title "By an Evolutionist." What Tennyson has in mind is the struggle of the world to be out of the animal. He has in mind, in all probability, some of his own personal struggles during his life, the times when he has felt himself mastered by that which was the lowest in him, and so, in a certain way, what he says about the body is hardly true of the best bodies, the most finely developed bodies ; and yet, taking the long range and sweep of human life on earth, it is true.

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, "Am I your debtor?"
And the Lord, "Not yet; but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

I.

If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain, or a fable,
Why not bask amid the senses while the sun of morning shines,
I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds, and in my stable,
Youth and health, and birth and wealth, and choice of women and of
wines?

II.

What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones on
the rack?
Would I had past in the morning that looks so bright from afar!

OLD AGE.

Done for thee? starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee eighty
years back.
Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven that hangs on a star.

I.

If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?
No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.

II.

I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that
is higher.

So Tennyson has summed up the sweep and progress of the thought that I would leave with you this morning. The soul of the man, starting in the body of a brute, cultivating it, eliminating that which is evil, subduing like a king, and establishing that which is good, climbing ever up through all,—up through brain, up through the realm of beauty, up through love,—until he stands face to face with God, realizing that his field is the universe, and that his home is eternity. That is the meaning of a man.

BEING ONE'S SELF.

"Why then of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" — LUKE xii. 57.

EVOLUTION everywhere and always consists of a series of progressive changes from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, as the scientific men tell us. That is, it is a series of changes from the simple to the complex, from sameness to variety. If, for instance, we could have watched the process of growth by which a nebula once became this solar system of ours, we should have seen that the nebula was apparently alike in all its particles and parts; and, by the process of change that went on, at last we had our sun, the planets and their moons, the comets and asteroids, all of these different bodies that make up the solar system. And, if we could have watched the change still further when we came to our earth, we should have seen for a long period of time a molten globe, apparently homogeneous in all its parts. At last, however, land appears, and water, and an atmosphere, and the water is separated and divided, and we have oceans and lakes and rivers and brooks; and the land takes on a variety of forms, and we have plains and valleys and mountains. And not only this, that the land takes on a variety of forms so far as its superficial aspect is concerned; also there is a series of changes by which in different parts of the earth there are different kinds of soils, and an almost innumerable variety of metals and minerals, granites, flints, precious stones, iron, silver, gold, copper, and all the diver-

sity of ores. The change that has been going on has been from sameness to variety, from simplicity to complexity everywhere.

And, when life appeared on the earth, the first forms were apparently homogeneous, very much the same, so far as any external observation would be able to acquaint an on-looker. But out of this sameness came all the great number of fishes in the oceans and rivers, all the varieties of reptiles, all the many kinds of bird and animal forms, and finally man,—a process of specialization and change and variety everywhere.

When we come to man, we find that there was a difficulty at first in his assertion of individuality. We find that the first societies of men were homogeneous; that society was all, the individual practically nothing. If, however, the process of evolution, of growth, was to go on, there must everywhere be more and more an assertion of one's self on the part of individuals; and we actually find that the progress of human history has been on the part of mankind a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from simplicity to complexity, from sameness to variety, as we find in every other part of the world.

I wish this morning to consider this general matter of being one's self as related to the life and the growth of mankind; and I shall consider it under three divisions,—the difficulty of being one's self, the danger of being one's self, and the duty of being one's self.

1. In the first place, then, let us note the difficulties that encounter the man who proposes to seek out for himself his own way, who proposes to think for himself, to feel for himself, to act for himself, *to be himself*. Let us take, as an instructive example, to see how this difficulty first arose, the condition of some tribe far-off toward the beginning of the

world. We shall find, if we examine that tribe,—and we may find plenty of difficulty existing to-day of a similar kind,—we shall find that there was no opportunity for an individual to be himself. We shall find that a necessity existed for the dominance of the social, the tribal life. When tribes were first formed, they were, as we find them to-day in uncivilized countries, where they are migratory, where they do not occupy a certain area of the earth which is conceded on all hands to be their own, where they are looking for pasture lands, for water for their flocks and herds, for opportunities for livelihood of every kind, necessarily coming constantly into collision with other tribes who are looking for the same things. These tribes are, in a certain sense, loosely organized : they are small at any rate, they are feeble ; and, if they are to be strong enough to make their way, strong enough to live as tribes, strong enough to hold their own in the midst of the adverse forces that are round them on every hand, they must be compacted together as far as possible into one solid organization. Individual liberty cannot be allowed, individual whim must be suppressed. There can be no criticism of those who are admitted to be their rulers and guides. A similar condition of things exists as in the case of an army anywhere in the face of an enemy. A private soldier may be wiser than his general, he may know better how to conduct the campaign, he may know that the course of the general in any particular instance is wrong, a mistaken course, one that will result in disaster ; and yet he cannot be permitted to criticise his general in the face of the enemy, he cannot be permitted to go his own way, and to persuade other people that the general is wrong. If there is to be anything like order, discipline, if armies have to exist and fight, if they are to win victories, there must be one single master mind that can weld the army into one solid body, and

hurl it with all its forces against the enemy. The condition of these early tribes of men was such that they were in a perpetual state of warfare : the individual was nothing, and the tribe was all. It is worth while to note, however, if this condition of things was to be absolutely rigid and inflexible, and to be maintained, there could never be anything higher or better than the tribe as then organized. For the time being the life of the tribe depended on this rigidity, this fixity of organization. As a matter of fact, we find that politically and religiously, and so far as manners and customs were concerned, one member of a tribe was simply a repetition of another member of the same tribe. They did not dare to attempt criticism of their religious system, they did not dare to allow criticism of their political organization and habits. They did not dare to depart even in matters of dress or general personal appearance from the fixed custom of the tribe. If, for instance, a man dressed differently, so far as he dressed at all in one of those early tribes, or decorated himself differently, or cultivated a different kind of speech, he was in danger of being suspected of being in sympathy with some foreign tribe at enmity with his own, in danger of being mistaken for the member of a tribe different from his own. So his life perhaps depended on this uniformity of speech, dress, and habits.

When you come to the matter of religion, there is a dominant power in the tribe. The tribe believes that its god demands of it a certain type of worship,—certain ceremonies, certain forms, certain sacrifices,—and it has a collective responsibility. If one individual angers the god, the punishment does not come solely upon this one individual : it comes upon all the members of the tribe, or is liable to. It comes upon the ruler as well, who therefore suppresses this tendency to the development of individual ideas.

I suppose, if we study the history of religious persecution the world over, we shall find that, generally, this kind of fear is at the heart of it. It is not that men want to be cruel. It is not that men have been inhuman. Take it in regard to the persecution of the Moors in Spain; for the working of this feeling in the tribe and among the Spanish people was the same. It was not that the Spanish people were so very cruel, so very hard-hearted. They did not *dare* to allow the Moors to live and carry on their type of religious life and service in the midst of the life of their people. They were afraid of the vengeance of God, who was likely to smite Spain, if this impiety were allowed to remain on the soil. This is the kind of fear that has lain at the heart of the religious persecution of the world.

So it has been, as we see, an immensely difficult thing for an individual to assert himself, to depart from the opinions, thoughts, customs, of his own people,—difficult for him, in any true sense, to become himself, to lead an individual life.

If we leave the ancient tribe, and come a little nearer to the modern world, let us note for a moment the state of things in ancient Athens. There a little larger freedom in political matters had asserted itself. There was a time in Athens when the State was called a republic, and a certain number of people were permitted to have opinions, and to express those opinions in a vote. But the great majority of people were still dominated by this ruling aristocracy, these few people who were allowed the luxury of having their own ideas; and it was not permissible for the rest to express an opinion. That is, if any one had any opinion in ancient Athens, he could carry it only to a certain extent. If he dared to oppose the ruling power, he did it at the peril of his life, unless he could gain so large a following as to become a ruling power himself. So throughout the governments of

the worlds we find this principle everywhere asserting itself. The dominant class, whether it be an aristocracy, whether it be but one, a despot, an emperor, a king, this class has always asserted the right to rule. If that particular condition of things was to endure, the man who had any opinions opposed to this dominant class must keep them to himself or else be exposed to the danger of being tried and executed as a traitor.

This is the condition of things that in a certain sense was necessary. It is right from the point of view of the political organism as existing at any particular time, because, if it permits any large departure from this common custom of submission, it has admitted a principle which may work to its own destruction ; and, of course, from the point of view of society as well as from the point of view of the individual, destruction, or death, is the last and worst of all earthly evils that can threaten.

The same thing was true in ancient Athens concerning its religious ideas. You know the story of Socrates, and how that illustrates this point, and how time and time again it has been used to give force to this idea. Socrates dared to differ from the religious ideas that dominated the power of his great city ; and that power simply crushed him. He did it, and he knew he did it, at the peril of his life. Here was the difficulty that faced him. If he wished to assert his higher ideas, if he wished to teach his people some nobler conception of human duty and human hopes, he must face this practical danger that was before him.

So, as we come down the ages, we find precisely the same thing everywhere. It is the tendency in all society to suppress any expression of individual fancy, of individual thought, of individual custom, of individual action. In such matters as the wearing of clothes you have not to go back

very far in the history of England,—two or three hundred years, perhaps,—and you come to a time when the common laboring people, the peasants of England, had it fixed by law as to what kind of clothing they were to wear, how their garments should be made, as to the amount of money which they were to be allowed to pay for those garments. All these things were fixed. It was considered to be the right of the majority, of the king, of the Parliament, to dominate even in these matters which one would suppose might be left to individual feeling and taste. Are we very much freer yet? We are free, in a sense, in this matter of clothing and social custom. We are free, in a sense, to pay as much money as we please, if we can get the money to pay. We are free in the sense that, if we choose, we can wear any shape of hat or any style of coat or any other kind of garment that we please; and yet our dominant style is the law or the prejudice or the whim of the majority, so that there is practically almost no freedom at all in this matter, even in the modern world. It is commonplace for people to talk against fashion and the dictates of fashion. I wish you to note this, because it is a part of this domination of the majority. It is a part of this difficulty that stands in the way of one's being one's self even in so indifferent a matter as this would seem to be. If a man departs very much from the custom of his country, of his town, he must expect to be looked at askance. I see a man occasionally on the streets and in the horse-cars who wears his hair long, and who wears a cloak instead of an overcoat, and dresses in many ways differently from any one else that I see on the street; and I see people looking at him, and he must be conscious of the fact that he is regarded as at least peculiar. And why? He may be the wisest man, for all I know, in Boston: he may be the best man in the State; but, merely because of this

external departure in the matter of clothes from the customs of his fellow-men, fingers are pointed at him, questions are raised as to his sanity, or whether he be not, in some ill sense of the word, decidedly "queer."

Yet why should there not be variety in this direction? You and I know people who are put to no end of expense and trouble merely for the sake of avoiding this social pressure that makes each one want to look like his neighbor. The garments which they had last year are perhaps in good condition, but they dare not wear them. They may not be able to buy new ones, but they dare not do anything else. They may deny themselves as to matters of food, they may deny themselves means of intellectual culture; but they must look like their neighbors. It seems to me that there might be a possible advantage in a little more variety in this instead of having the whole civilized world ironed out into this uniformity of appearance. I could not help thinking this, as I have travelled in foreign countries. When I was in Spain, I wanted to see Spanish fashions; but what I did see was the fashions of Paris, just as I would see them in London or New York. This beautiful variety is rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth under the pressure of this difficulty even in so light a matter as this of being one's self. I saw in Williams & Everett's picture-store the other day a portrait of a lady, beautifully painted, and I remarked that it was not quite safe to be painted in any fashionable costume, because in a year or two it looked so unlike the prevailing fashion that people looked askance at it. But, when the time comes round that the fashion is in vogue again, that which is now a "fright" will be beautiful once more.

If in this matter it is difficult, how much more difficult is it in the higher and grander realms for people to be themselves! People are not half free yet. Even here in this city

of Boston people are not free to be themselves religiously. I wish to note that as being of great importance. What price did Theodore Parker have to pay for being himself? What was his crime? His crime was that he dared to study history, and interpret it according to the light of the best scholarship he could find. He dared to look over the face of the religious world, and select that which seemed to him to be essential and important, and to speak for it. He dared to give utterance to what we are beginning to recognize as the highest and finest religious ideals of his time. He did it at the cost of being ostracized and outlawed.

Take Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison and their compeers, what was their crime? To look over the face of the world and assert that things were not in the condition they ought to be, that there were certain great evils that ought to be wiped out, that there were certain great moral truths neglected, certain people oppressed who ought to be free; and for this they were in danger of ostracism and persecution of every kind. Here, then, are the difficulties, or some of them, that stand in the way of being one's self in this world. And yet let me call attention to the fact that every step of human progress up to this time has been the result of somebody's determination to be himself. We shall have occasion to note this farther on.

2. I wish now, in the second place, to note the danger in this assertion of individuality. There is a danger attached to it,—not only a personal danger that threatens the one who dares, but a social danger, a danger that in a certain sense justifies the opposition to this assertion of the individual. Let us see the principle that is involved.

In the first place, at any particular stage in the history of the world, any person who industrially, socially, politically, or religiously differs from his fellow-men is likely to be

wrong. We have accepted in this country the rule of the majority, because we believe that the majority is more likely to be right than the minority. At any rate, there are more people concerned in having their own way ; and we say the majority ought to rule. We concede this principle ; and yet, if the majority had always ruled in this sense, we should have had a stagnant world, and not even the dream of a civilization. We must concede the point that the man who rises to tell the world that it is wrong is nine times in ten more likely to be wrong himself. This is historically true, and, of course, all the probabilities point that way. I suppose there may have been a good many upstarts in Athens who set forth their own ideas as to how things ought to be, but who were crushed out before the time of Socrates and after his day ; and the probability is they ought to have been crushed out. Take it in the case of Jesus Christ. We know that he was not the only one who claimed to be the Messiah or on whose behalf the claim was put forth. There were many people whom we should call cranks, or crazy, in Judea, who claimed to be the Messiah. They made mischief, and disturbed the public peace, and brought the nation into trouble with its Roman rulers. They were nuisances, to be suppressed by the common sense of the majority. So, when Jesus appeared, why should not the people who did not understand him, who had not made a study of his character, have supposed that this was another of these deceivers who ought to be put out of the way ? If you find a beaten track or pathway leading between two fields or two towns, and find out that for ages people have been going along that track, and going safely, you had better think twice before you condemn the road. "Speak well of the bridge that carries you safely over," is a wise proverb.

So in regard to industrial matters, in regard to political

matters, in regard to religious matters, the man who rises to assert in the face of the world that he is right and they are wrong must remember that the chances are with the majority. The world will remember it if he does not. We must be ready to face this danger,—not only the danger of persecution, not only the danger of being suppressed, but we must remember that he is threatening the public peace and welfare with his new ideas if he be not right; and you see what the chances are when a million is one way and only one the other way. If he be not right, then he is simply a disturber and annoyance and injury. We must remember this: that the majority that oppose what seem to them new and ill-founded ideas have the presumption at the start on their side; and he who faces this must recognize that he is doing something that he must justify or else he must keep silent. No man has a right to disturb the conditions of his time with his whims, his fancies, his notions, his ill-assorted and undeveloped plans. We say we have a right to the expression of our opinion. We have wrought out that political right in the history of the English nation and of the American English-speaking people. We have wrought out that political right; but it is simply a concession of this principle: that there is a wrong to the individual in suppression from the point of view of the individual. But he has no right to disturb the existing condition of things unless he has taken all possible pains to assure himself that the ideas he has come to hold are sound and true.

If a man makes the assertion that I have alluded to, it is apparently an insult to everybody else. It looks like mere egotism on his part. He looks in the face of a dozen men, and says, "I am right, and you twelve are wrong." He had better not make that assertion unless he is ready to demonstrate it, unless he can win over those who are op-

posed to him, at the first blush, into an agreement with his ideas. The world goes on fairly well under the existing condition of things, politically, socially, industrially, as we say; and the man who wishes to change this condition must show adequate cause, or else he simply endangers the public peace and welfare as well as his own safety and happiness.

That principle is so important that it needs recognition; and we ought not to be impatient with the opposition that is offered to the presentation of all new ideas. We are accustomed to ridicule those who opposed Darwinism when it was first advanced in Europe and America. We are accustomed to speak with bitterness of those who were opposed to the discoveries of Copernicus and Newton and all the great leaders and thinkers of the world. But we must remember that at first people could not distinguish between these and a thousand other persons whose claims had been proved futile and inefficient. The existing order of things has a right to exist until occasion shall show that there ought to be a change.

3. Bearing this in mind, let us pass to consider not merely the right, but the duty, of being one's self. I said a moment ago that, when one man asserts his opinion against a thousand, the chances are that the one man is wrong and the thousand are right; but yet, if there is ever to be any growth, if there is ever to be any progress in the world, if human society, politically, socially, industrially, religiously, is ever to be any better, it must be that now and then the man who asserts that the majority is wrong shall be found to be correct, because it is out of these variations that all progress comes.

Let us note one or two illustrations in the lower forms of life. Those who have studied in this direction are aware of the fact that all the flowers of the world have been gradually

developed as the result of fertilization, of a certain æsthetic choice on the part of birds and lower animals. Flowers have been developed from weeds. If the principle of majority rule had always prevailed, there would have been no flowers in the world. Every new flower that comes into existence is the result of a horticultural heresy. It is an advance, and the triumph at last of a variation.

So all the grains of the world have been developed by variation and change from a few simple grains that were hardly worth the cultivation. So all the fruits of the world, all the fair and beautiful things in the lower world, have come, not as the result of the principle of heredity, which simply repeats the past, but of that principle which is called scientifically the tendency to vary. This new upstart, this pretender, comes, and proves that he is right, proves that here is a new manifestation of beauty, a higher form; and so it comes to be accepted. It is because of the assertion of individuality on the part of these new pretenders that all the growth of the world has come to pass.

It is the duty, then, of a free man or a free woman to study, to think, to feel, and to speak and act for himself and herself. Truth is infinite. It never yet was all reflected in any one system or in any one brain. We need as many reflections as we can possibly get; and every new idea and every new suggestion is only so much added to the richness of modern thought.

Take the growth of a language. Any one who invents a new and serviceable word has conferred a public benefit. So in regard to theories of the world's advances. Consider our industrial condition. If the present condition is right and permanent, if the relations of employers and employed, of capital and labor, are ideal as they exist to-day, if any change could only be in the direction of something poorer,

if the present arrangements work so that every honest man has all that he needs for food and clothing and shelter and for the cultivation of his brain and mind, his heart, his spiritual life,—if this be the real condition of things, then this industrial order ought to be rigidly maintained. But does any one suppose that ours is the ideal condition of things? I do not mean that every man who brings a new theory concerning the organization of society ought to be permitted to try it off-hand, because the chances are that most of the men to-day who are telling us how the industry of the world ought to be reorganized are wrong. But it is only out of the study, only out of the suggestion, only out of the freedom of discussion, only out of gradual and tentative trials here and there, that an improvement in our social condition is to come. It ought to come. I received a letter this last week from a man living on the Pacific coast. He has been an honest man all his life long. He has been an industrious man all his life long. He has no bad habits, and has never had any. I do not believe he has ever been in possession of a dishonestly gotten dollar. But that man within the last week or two has been obliged to leave a place where he could get nothing to do for which he could receive a dollar, and, on the chance of bettering himself, go to another place; and he and his family are sleeping on a blanket on the floor, because they are not able to get money to bring their household goods from the place of his last home, though he and his boys are ready to do any honest thing they can have an opportunity to do. And they have only a few potatoes in the house, and not a pound of flour. We are not in a perfect condition industrially when things like this can exist. It is time that some one resisted, that some one asserted himself, that some one thought, that some one showed us the way into a better method of living; for it is absurd to

suppose that these things need to exist. The earth is capable of producing enough for all. There is enough wealth in the world, or may be; but something is wrong in our industrial condition.

So take it politically. We have reached a point in America where we say we are politically free. Are we? I believe that the grandest duty that comes to any thoughtful man to-day is to be himself politically. We have reached a point where we say we can think as we please and speak as we please and vote as we please. We have two great parties in this country. How free is any one to differ from his own party? He must pay for it if he chooses to do it. He must be sneered at if he is not regarded as a traitor and a crank. And yet the one thing most needed in every city in this nation is enough men who are willing to be themselves politically, to grasp in their hands and hold permanently the balance of power, so that they can say to the leaders of either party, Dare to put up a bad man with a bad record and bad principles, and you are sure of defeat. That is the one thing that is needed politically more than anything else whatsoever.

And, religiously, are we free? We are free from chains and from the faggot, we are not in any danger of the kind of persecution that used to follow men in the Middle Ages; but how much must a man pay still for his freedom? I have in mind a personal friend who is a year-long illustration. His mother, still holding to the old theological ideas, because she cannot see that her boy has a right to think for himself, is leading a life, and will lead it so long as life lasts, of sorrow and grief that is a bitterness and burden to the boy, because he has dared to be himself religiously and to follow his own conscience. He is surrounded on every hand by friends who think he is trampling on things sacred and holy

because he dares to be himself religiously. You still have to pay this high price for religious freedom. And yet who is there that supposes that the world has attained its final and absolutely perfect condition religiously? And, if it has not, then somebody, as the result of free thought and free study and earnest application to the problems involved, must point out the way to take a new step toward something larger, something finer and better.

So in every direction, if the world is to advance, if it is to grow, if it is to become anything finer and higher, it must be because men and women here and there dare to be themselves.

There is one other phase of this that I must touch on for a moment. Is this being one's self religiously, this assertion, egotism? It has been a prevailing teaching throughout the history of Christianity that the finest thing a man can do is to efface himself, to be humble, to be meek, not to be self-assertive, not to have his own ideas, but to obey his superiors, his masters, his bishop, his church; to bow his head in reverence in the presence of the ecclesiastical creed of his own order, to become as nothing in the dust before God, to extinguish self. This has been taught as the ideal of saintliness. I believe that another ideal is to replace this. There is no virtue in self-effacement. If I am to give myself, let me first *be* something, so that the gift has value. Let me make myself physically all I may, let me make myself mentally all I may, let me be cultured and balanced all that I can, so that my opinions may be of worth. Let me cultivate the artistic side of my nature until I am in love with beauty, and can distinguish beauty from the commonplace and from ugliness. Let me develop my affectional nature until I instinctively turn to all that is lovely and of good report. Let me cultivate myself spiritually, and grow into the

stature of a man so far as my soul life is concerned: then, when I am something, when I know something, when I possess power, when I can stand as a unit, when I count one, then I can serve. I can be of no benefit if I have no power. I cannot teach if I am ignorant. I cannot lift another if there is no power of inspiration in me. Let me become, then, all I may. Let me be *myself* to the fullest, and then let me give myself to humanity; and out of this voluntary association of developed, cultivated, rounded individualities we shall at last have a perfect society.

FINDING ONE'S PLACE.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" — ACTS ix. 6.

THESE words, as doubtless you all remember, were those that fell from the lips of Saul, as the story is told us, on his way to Damascus. Starting to persecute the Christians, feeling that that was his life mission, he is met by this vision, which puts an end to what he had intended to accomplish ; and, recognizing this for a higher authority, he asks, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?"

If we could ask some competent authority and have a definite answer, it would make the problem of our lives comparatively easy ; for I take it, if we were only *sure* that we were in our right places, if we were sure that there was any definite, right place for each of us,—in other words, that there was some divine plan touching our lives, of which our lives were a part,—then, I take it, we should be willing patiently to occupy those places, whether they were very humble or whether they answered the purpose of our ambitions. Certainly, if I could be sure that a great, wise, loving God had set me a task, and told me that that was the only thing he wanted me to do, whether it took me to the centre of European culture or into the midst of African barbarism, I think I could be content to stand there and fill that place. I think any of us could, if we were sure God meant that, and that the outcome was therefore to be the

highest and best. Of course, we would be willing to fill any position.

"Something to do, some one to love, something to hope for,"—these, according to the great German, Immanuel Kant, are the three conditions of a successful and happy life. The last two will not concern us this morning; but the first — something to do, finding one's place in the world—is what we are seriously to consider.

I suppose that there are not many among us to-day who so interpret that Providence which oversees the affairs of men as to feel in any degree sure that God has given him his position, that God is desirous that he shall stay where he finds himself placed. This was an easy faith in the old times. It is a faith that finds itself still incorporated in the English Prayer Book. People are expected to be content in that place where Providence has put them. This is a very comfortable doctrine for the people who occupy the best places, and wish those who are out of them to be contented where they are. It is a comfortable doctrine for those who regard themselves as being in the higher classes in dealing with those whom they regard as the lower classes. But let us touch, first, this simple, straight question, Ought we to be contented in the place where we wake up and find ourselves, whatever that place may be? We must frequently answer, No, we ought not to be contented with anything short of the best. All our hopes of human growth, all our promise of human progress, are based on the supposition that people are not content. If a plant could be conscious and be content before it had got half its growth, there would be none of this restless yearning and striving, this ever reaching up after a fuller and completer development. We ought not, then, to be content. But this statement needs to be qualified, and qualified in a very serious manner. We ought not to be

discontented in the sense that we are unhappy, that we are bitter, envious, or jealous, or in any way have the sweetness and the beauty taken out of our present life. I have said more than once in this place that the greatest happiness-killer of the world, even worse than the anticipation of evil or some overhanging calamity, is this kind of discontent that makes one perpetually thinking, When I get there, when I have accomplished this or that, when I have reached such and such a place, then I am going to be content, then I am going to be happy, then I am going to lead an unselfish life, then I am going to do this or that or a thousand things for my fellow-men! I have talked often with business men who have set a figure beyond which they do not propose to save a dollar. They say, when they get so rich, they are going to begin to be generous; but I have never known a man to get to that point, when he had set it very much ahead of his present position. I never have hope of any man's generosity who is going to *begin* to be generous by and by. I have no hope of any man's unselfish life who is simply going to begin to be unselfish next week or next year. We ought not, then, I think, to be discontented with the place where we find ourselves in such a way as shall prevent us from looking round and finding all the happiness there is in that place, all the good there is, all the opportunities there are offered of making other people happy, all the chances of doing something for the rest of mankind.

And now we are face to face with the second question. Do men generally find the real place which belongs to them, which they ought to fill? I have not had time to read Mr. Mozoomdar's address of last Sunday; but I am told that he outlined the belief of the Hindu world in a destiny which rules and determines the lives of men. I do not think we are accustomed to believe in that kind of destiny here; and

yet, now and then, you will hear people say of one who has failed, it was no fault of his condition, of his circumstances : there was some weakness in the man himself. I remember some years ago reading an address by the late President Garfield, I think, which was given before he became President. Referring to the difficulties and struggles of a great many men, and of the obstacles they have to overcome, he expressed to the young men who heard him the belief that, if there was anything in a man, it was sure to come out. In other words, personality was almost always mightier than condition, and, if a man had it in him to be great, he would be great ; if he had it in him to be a poet, he would be a poet ; if he had it in him to be a soldier, he would be a soldier. If that principle be allowed anywhere, it must be a universal principle. If we really believe this, there would be no very tender sympathy in our hearts towards those who fail. We should feel that people had got all they were capable of getting, that they receive all that belongs to them. But I do not believe that this is true. I do not believe that people, in spite of conditions and circumstances, find their places, that they always have opportunities or are capable of making opportunities to show all that is in them. I rather believe that it is a common and melancholy truth which Gray has given poetic expression to in his great "Elegy." He tells us, as he looks over the graves of the weary peasants, the people in the main unknown who are buried in the churchyard, that probably

"Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest."

He talks about hands now turned to dust,—

" Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

I believe that this is one of the saddest truths of the world. And right here is one of the things I hope to see in some other life. I hope to see the out-blossoming, the out-flowering, of thousands and millions of souls into greatness and beauty and glory in this direction or that, who had no opportunity here even to put forth a bud.

Take, for example, a life like Keats. Keats died at an age when a good many men who have become famous had not begun their life-work. What might he not have accomplished, had he not inherited the seeds of disease which took him prematurely away? Take, again, a case like Arthur Henry Hallam. You are familiar with "In Memoriam," and know those three initials A. H. H., which head the great poem which was written by Tennyson in memory of Hallam, his schoolmate and friend, who died when he was about twenty-three, leaving the promise behind him of a power and a fame equal to that of his master and friend who has sung of him.

Take other illustrations, one or two that have been used in this way before, but that are so striking as to determine the answer to our question. I have a personal friend who in the years before the war had occasion to visit St. Louis on a matter of business. He wished to find out some facts concerning a certain piece of real estate, and he visited a real estate office. The man in the office did not seem in any way striking or remarkable. He did not seem especially interested in the matter of the real estate about which they were to speak. My friend got very little satisfaction in his conference with him, and soon left. Some years afterwards he met him again as the great general of the modern world and as president of the United States. Now, suppose there had been no war, where would the manifest greatness of Grant have been? And yet if he

had lived through a time of profound peace, and wasted the magnificent energy of his brain in the real estate office, yet in potency, in possibility, he would have been as great as the world acknowledges him to be.

So take Lincoln. Suppose, again, there had been no war, suppose there had been no slavery agitation : it is probably true that Lincoln would never have been President. He might have distinguished himself locally as a lawyer ; but the chances are that in popular estimation all over the country Douglas, who was the incarnation of smartness, would have been regarded as the greater man of the two. And yet, with no opportunity to manifest what was in him, he still would have had the possibility in brain and heart and soul of reaching that towering position of the highest and grandest American who has ever lived.

I do not believe, then, that all men find their places, find their level, or show what is best in them, or that they get the best opportunities of showing what they are capable of doing. I believe there have been thousands of poets who have never sung, thousands of musicians who have never written, thousands of generals who never handled a sword, thousands of statesmen who have never taken part in a debate or framed a resolution, thousands of men in every department of life capable of the highest and the finest and best, had there been a fitting stage and a stimulus to call them forth.

Let us note a few of the difficulties that stand in the way of people finding their places. I was asked only this last week to give my opinion concerning the question of human freedom and of responsibility in the kind of lives we lead. If you look over the matter carefully and candidly, I think you will agree with me that we must limit this responsibility in the most serious way. Apply it this morning to this

matter of finding one's place in the world. We are born without any consultation as to where we shall be born, whether in Africa or Boston; whether white or black; whether our parents shall be ignorant or educated, vicious or virtuous. We are born; and that, in the main, determines all that follows. Then during our youth the question as to whether we shall be properly educated or not, whether we shall be trained into fitness for this thing or that or have a bias implanted in some direction,—all these things are determined before the question of the freedom of our own wills has any chance to assert itself. Here, then, is one of the great difficulties that stand in the way of finding one's place.

Then, to note another thing, there is the prejudice, the persistent bias, of parents and friends. I have known many cases where the unwise determination of the father that a boy or a girl should be this or that has practically stunted or ruined the life. As personal illustrations perhaps carry more force than general statements, let me give you one or two.

When I was a young man, I had a friend with whom for a time I was quite intimate. His father was a clergyman, a doctor of divinity; and he was determined that his son should be a clergyman. Nothing else would satisfy him, nothing else would he even for a moment consider. But his boy was a born mechanic, having a perfect genius for mechanism. When still a boy, he had whittled out a pianoforte with his jack-knife, complete in almost every part. The one thing he longed for with his whole soul was to go to some place where he could study machinery, and devote himself to it as his great life-work. So strong was this impulse that he broke away from his father for a while to study it; but the father at last prevailed. I do not know what great service this young man could have rendered to the world if he had

been permitted to be a machinist: he might have given us inventions that would have enriched civilization. I only know that at last his father had his way, and crowded him into the ministry, and that he has never been heard of from that day to this. Whether he has rendered anybody any service I do not know.

I had another friend, when I was a young man, whose father was equally determined that he should be a minister. But the boy in this case was too strong for his father; and so he broke away, and resisted in spite of bitterness, and became the one thing he had dreamed of ever since he was a boy. He followed his bent, went to Europe, became wealthy, and is one of the most marked successes in his particular line that I have ever known.

Here, then, are these things that stand in the way of people finding their place.

There is one other thing that I wish to speak of in this particular; and that is one which the most of you will be surprised to have me class under this head. I think one of the most serious things in our modern world that stands in the way of any man's finding his place is being born of parents who happen to possess too much money. I believe that this is as serious, and sometimes more serious, than any of the causes that I have had occasion to refer to. I know young men by the score in the great cities of this country,—in New York, in Boston, in Washington, in Baltimore, in New Orleans, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in San Francisco,—young men who will never find any place that is worthy of a manly man's ambition, who have not waked up to the idea that it is important that they should find any place, simply because they can say as they are growing up, Father has money enough; and it does not make any difference whether I become anything or not. I think that is a very serious danger

that men with money specially need to guard. For the young man who thinks that there is nothing more for him to do in this world than to get rid of the money that his father has earned is one of those that we can spare with the least conceivable amount of loss. He is worth nothing to the world. I have had to watch and guard many a time in dealing with young fellows, when I have seen that they were looking to such young men as examples, who were considering that the position which they occupied was one to be envied. They have thought that it was fine to be thus set free from any responsibility, from any necessity of doing or caring for anything or any one but themselves. When a man reaches this position, there is very little chance of saving him in this life; and there is very little in him that is worth saving. And yet in them, as in all others, there is the germ, the possibility, of the highest, the noblest, the truest manhood; and the one blessing that could come to them would be to have these artificial supports rudely torn away from them, bringing them face to face with the absolute necessity of creating for themselves a place to stand, in which they can be compelled to render some service to their fellow-men. In this way only is there any hope of developing the possibilities of manliness which may be hidden within their loose and irresponsible lives.

Let us turn to one other phase of this matter of finding one's place. I wish to consider a few of the motives which govern people in this seeking for a position.

What is it that men desire most? What is it that they are looking for, as they are seeking for some position that they may occupy in the world? Of course, this matter is determined in different ages of the world by what is the dominant tendency and trend of the world's civilization. There have been periods in the history of the world when the only

avenue to that which an ambitious person might desire was through the Church. All worldly motives conspired to turn him, at least in appearance, away from the world. There have been other times when the ideal of chivalry was the dominant one; and he who wished to be great, to be famous, to rank high in the opinion of his fellow-men, must become a knight or a warrior. What is it to-day that most men care for? In this country, at any rate,—and it is coming to be more and more true in Europe,—the one great thing that people long for and seem to care for, and which seems to promise the most, is, of course, money. I said this is coming in Europe. It has not come yet, because there is still a remnant, in England and in France, and other parts of Europe, of the old days of chivalry, when nobility meant something, and when to belong to an old and honorable family was the one greatest thing that a man could boast. In these conditions, to belong to the nobility or to come under the shadow of the nobility, to become associated or allied with it in some way, means more than money; and money by comparison is regarded as vulgar and poor. But in this country, where we have no nobility, where we *say* that one man is just as good as another,—though we do not believe it,—in this country the one great thing that seems to promise most, to give a man position and power and all the things that he desires, is money. So, when a young man is looking round for a place in the world, the one thing which is uppermost in his mind is the opportunity, the promise, in that place for getting rich: how much money is there in it? The position may be a poor one, may have some servile aspects about it at first; but is there an opportunity to rise, to get near the firm, to perhaps get into the firm? Is it a business that will reward one who faithfully devotes himself to it with a large amount of money? This is the great motive.

You know my position in regard to this; and I do not need to stop long to repeat it. I do not believe there can be any too much wealth in the world. I do not believe that men can ever have too much wealth, or can create too much wealth, provided they master it, and put it beneath their feet, and make it minister to their manhood. But, when we put it as the dominant motive of our lives, it is one of the poorest, meanest, most selfish, least worthy motives that we can conceive.

There is another thing that men desire. They desire power. From the time when the boy likes to be strong and admires an athlete up to the time when the man looks out over the world and sees higher and higher manifestations of force, there is in all an honest admiration for power; and many a man who is immensely wealthy, if you could analyze his real feeling, cares not so much for the money itself as for the power that is in it. He loves to organize those far-reaching combinations, and to show himself a king in his particular financial realm. So many a man who is looked upon as simply a money-getter is really ambitious for power. And here, again, it is well: power is a magnificent thing, if magnificently used; but it means either selfishness, cruelty, despotism, or it means service. If you seek it for the one end, you will become mean and undeveloped in your manhood; but, if you seek it for the other, you may be among the grandest of your kind.

Then there is still another motive that leads men to seek for their place; and that is ambition, the desire for fame. I remember once seeing a little boy highly excited over the fact that his name was actually in print. It was only among the arrivals at a summer hotel, but it did not matter, here was the first touch of fame. Here was something that other people would read. They would see his name in print; and

this is something that appeals to and touches us all. We love to be of reputation, we love to have our names and our doings in the mouths of our fellows. If we can get a reputation that reaches beyond our town, over the State, and beyond the State limits, or across the sea, there is a swell and impulse of pride and satisfaction in having attained this reputation in the minds of men. And here, again, if one wishes to be known merely as a feeder to his vanity, it is a very small and poor concern indeed. But, if one wishes to use this as a power for spreading over the world an influence that shall teach, that shall enlighten, that shall lift mankind, then indeed he may forget himself in view of this help; and he may become noble, unselfish, grand in the type of his manhood here as well as in other directions.

But let us go one step further, and find the highest motive of all. The grandest men of the world have not been those who have desired power, they have not been those actuated by a desire for fame. Take one illustration, the supreme one of all. For we, all the more because we believe he was a man, the outcome of humanity, its blossom, its glory,—we all the more can afford to pay our reverent regard to the grandest soul of the world, the Nazarene. He had nowhere to lay his head, he sought not money, he never desired power; and, when some of his disciples came to him, anxious for places in his kingdom, he said: You do not know what manner of spirit you are of. The princes of this world desire power, that they may exercise their lordship over their fellow-men; but it is not to be so in this kingdom that I wish to establish. He that is great among you must be of service, and great only in his service. You are not to lord it over others: you are not to call yourselves father or rabbi, for you are all the children of one Father in heaven.

I think perhaps the grandest thing ever said about a

human soul is that which was said of Jesus concerning this other matter that I have referred to,—“he made himself of no reputation.” There was no anxiety on his part to be known by other people, no anxiety to have any saying of his written down, no hint anywhere of a desire to be lifted up above his fellow-men. And, if we are to hope that the dreams of the world may come true, those dreams which are in so many hearts to-day, that the world is to rise to the highest level of human civilization, we must expect more and more to find men who shall be willing to work under the impulse of the highest ideals.

It is said constantly,—and here is the point I wish to have clearly in mind,—by those who do not believe in the highest possibilities of civilization, You cannot get people to work or to devote themselves to a cause except on the basis of the lower motives. It is said by those who oppose civil service,—you will pardon me for being enough of a politician to refer to that by way of illustration,—That is a high and fine dream that certain reformers cherish; but, if you expect men to work for a party or a cause, you must pay them for their work. I do not believe it. If the dreams that we cherish of the highest civilization are ever to be realized, we must find men who are willing to work, even if they do not get paid in cash for it. We must find men willing to work without regard to the power that men exercise over others. We must find men willing to devote themselves without desiring anything in the way of fame. We must find men, like Jesus, who make themselves of no reputation. And they *are* being found every day by the hundred and by the thousand. There are any number of men—let me say it, for I am proud of the truth—in Boston to-day who are willing to give a large part of their best services without compensation, and who are giving it,—men who are turning away from

opportunities to make money, that they may serve public and noble causes. There are men who are not working for power, who are not working for selfish ambition, men who are working for humanity. And more and more, as the love of humanity grows, will this type of men come to the front, till by and by they are going to hold the destinies of this old planet in their hands; and we shall have a type of civilization finer than any for which we have dared to hope.

One point more must I refer to. You might think, perhaps, from what I have said that I should advise you to be very humble and to take a small place. Men are anxious for a large place; but the fault I have to find with most men — pardon me for using that word "fault" — is that they do not seek for places that are large enough. I find a man who is willing to have a place that is not big enough to hold him and his conscience at the same time. He is willing to go into a place and leave his conscience outside: there is no opportunity in there for his moral and spiritual nature. I have heard a great many persons in my life say that it was very fine-spun as a theory, but that it would not work in practice; that, if you are going into business, you must fight with business methods, that business and religion are two things, and should be kept as much apart as religion and politics. The more religion you mix with a certain kind of politics, the worse it will be for the politics, I know; and, if a certain type of religion be mixed with business, it will be worse for the business. But a man cannot afford to go into a business that is not large enough for the free play of his moral nature, for all that is highest and best in him as a man. In other words, in seeking for a place, do not be content or long engaged in any business that would better not be done. Do not be content with being engaged in any business the general outcome of which is an injury to the world. Get a place large enough for your conscience.

Then get a place large enough for some degree of your intellectual life. Only a little while ago I referred to this in a sermon ; and so I will not extend what I have to say touching it beyond narrow limits ; but a man cannot be a complete man unless he cultivates to some extent the intellectual side of his nature. I know men with an intellectual taste and love for literature who deliberately, for the sake of the commercial advantage, go into an office where they know that it has got to be stifled. It seems to me that a man ought to find a place large enough for the expansion of his thought, so that he can live an intellectual life within certain limits.

And then find a place large enough for your affectional nature, for your generous impulses, that bring you into touch with your fellow-men, and make you feel that you are a part of a world-wide humanity.

And then, above all things, find a place large enough for your soul, large enough to include the divine life, so that you can rise into a conception of yourself as a child of God, the Infinite Spirit, so that you need not cramp down and shut in your life. In other words, do not fit yourself into your place, and let that shape your manhood. Keep your place flexible, and compel it to adapt itself to your manhood.

In order to do this, you do not need to have so very large a place, according to the ordinary standard of the world. Look over the history of the great, and see what they have accomplished. Let me give you one illustration. Take the case of the famous philosopher, Spinoza. Suppose he had said that the circumstances of his life made it impossible for him to live out the best in him. Suppose he had said, I must have money and time and power and fame ; and, when I get these, I will do my work. What did he do ? Outcast by his own people, persecuted, in danger of his life, he fled to a

place where at that time a man could think, and still be free. He devoted himself to the manufacture of lenses for telescopes and microscopes enough hours a day to get himself something to eat and something to wear; and then he lived his magnificent life and wrote his magnificent works. He did not sacrifice himself to a place, but took the place where he could live, where he could root himself, where he could feed the necessities of his lower nature, and at the same time live a manly, intellectual, ethical, religious life; and so he made himself one of the great names of all time.

This is what I would have you do. Make your place subordinate. Remember that your manhood is worth more than your condition, more than the house you live in or the street on which it stands, worth more than the position you occupy. Remember that your manhood is the great thing. Put that first, make that dominant. Be somebody, do something, devote yourself to the highest thoughts in you, and you have made yourself a place where you can render service to your kind and where you can fulfil the highest possible destiny.

A MAN IN THE FAMILY.

THE family, in some form, is the oldest association on earth ; for in all its essentials it existed in the pre-human world before man appeared. And in all its essentials it exists to-day in the sub-human world. There is the father, the mother, the child ; and these constitute this most primitive of all living associations.

It is the oldest society. It is also the oldest form of industrial organization ; for here is a co-operative association, each member of which, according to his or her power, is contributing to the general support. It is the oldest religious association. I wish to dwell for a moment on these last two aspects of the theme.

In the earliest ages, in the lowest forms of human life that we can trace, the first political association, the first form of government, was the family. The father was despot, the king ; and all others were subjects. And this condition of things lasted when the family grew to number in its organization hundreds and thousands, and sometimes hundreds of thousands of individuals. For through the patriarchal period, during the tribal organizations of the world, it was always maintained that those who were under the fatherly headship were by blood and kinship of one family ; and in this way alone was found the reason for the bond that held them together. Even when the tribe had grown into the city, — as, for example, in the case of ancient Athens,— still it was

true. The voter, if voting was allowed, the men who were really citizens of the city, were supposed to be members of the one widening household. They belonged to the family; and if any outsider was introduced into the city, if he had the freedom of the city, if he gained the rights of citizenship, it must be through a process of adoption; he was made a member of the family. So that for ages and ages, thousands and thousands of years after men appeared on the planet, the only form of government recognized was the family government in some larger, wider sense.

I wish now to note — because it is important, and we find the traces, the reminiscences, of these things surviving still among us — that the same was true in regard to religion. The father was the priest by virtue of the fact that he was father. The god who was worshipped was almost always supposed to be the forefather of the family, the tribe, the city. They worshipped the unseen and mighty spirit who was, when on earth, the founder of the tribe. And this lasted for thousands and thousands of years, even down to the time of the highest civilization in Athens, to use the same illustration. The religion was the family religion, it was a Greek religion. It never occurred to the Greeks that it was desirable or even proper, in any sense, that an outsider should worship their gods. They were family gods, belonging to them. Those religions were not missionary religions. The only way by which a person could enter into the religion of the Greek was through the process of adoption. He became a brother of the people, he became a child of the fore-father of the tribe. In this way he was admitted to the sanctities and the rites of the family worship, and became one of those whom the family god cared for and protected.

I am speaking of these things because, as we shall see very soon, traces for better or for worse of these ideas re-

main in the world even until to-day. And there are conceptions of loyalty and disloyalty which spring out of such conditions of things which have no relevancy or meaning in the modern world.

It is natural and fitting that we should note how our wider sense of human brotherhood and divine Fatherhood are only the expansion of this old idea. The first being that man ever loves beyond himself, the being that stands nearest to himself, is the wife, the mother of his child. And at first this is a purely selfish love : it is only loving another and dearer self, and another person that, in a certain sense, and particularly under those old ideas, had become a piece of property which he owned. And when the child appears, and, being grown, enters similar relations and becomes a parent in turn, the circle of sympathy begins to widen ; and here is the point of departure for all the altruistic, unselfish affections and relationships of the world. Yet many thousands of years had gone by before these old tribal feelings began to be modified. At first it was a virtue to love only those who were of your kin. It was an equal virtue to hate those who were beyond the limits of this relationship. But by and by it began to dawn upon people, as they caught a glimpse of a higher theism, a conception of one God, one Creator, one Father, that all people were made of one blood for to dwell on all the face of the earth.

But that is only a widening of this process which began with the first love of the wife and child, and which has come at last to embrace in its wide arms the entire race, until we are beginning to feel that we have one Father in heaven, and all we are brethren. Beginning, I say, because I do not count this world as very old in this matter. This humanity of ours is very young yet on the planet. We have not yet reached evening ; we have not reached mid-afternoon ; we

have not reached noon. I do not believe that, so far as the history of this planet is concerned, we have got to the middle of the forenoon yet. We are only in the morning; and over a large part of the world it is morning twilight, and the sun is hardly up. We still have our narrow conceptions of relationship. Not that we should overleap those who stand close to us, to love those who are far away better: it is fitting that the love should spread first to those close to us, and then to those farther away. But we are not completely civilized until we recognize the universal and equal brotherhood of man.

Come now to consider the position, the rights, and duties of man, *a man*, in the family.

A man, if he live out his full life, if he develop all sides of his nature, all the possibilities of his being, stands in at least a threefold relationship to the family: he is a child, he is a husband, he is a father. And no man has completely rounded out his being unless he does fulfil this threefold relationship.

I do not wish you to think that I have forgotten that some years ago I printed a series of sermons on "Man, Woman and Child." Do not think I have forgotten what I said in the course of those sermons. I shall not, however, be over-careful in regard to repeating myself concerning some of those thoughts this morning, because there are some things that need to be said more than once. I get hints constantly from some of the thousands of readers beyond the range of my voice that certain things need to be said, perhaps, over and over again.

Let us, then, first consider man as a child, as a son in the family. What ought to be his attitude towards father and mother? From the hints that I have given of the unfolding of the family it was natural, you see, that there should be

great emphasis laid on honor to father and mother, reverence, obedience. Shall we lay any less stress to-day, in the light of our present civilization, on the feelings of the child towards the father and the mother? In one sense, no. In one sense we should increase that emphasis. But I think there needs some modification of the interpretations that are made of that relationship. There ought, indeed, to be gratitude and love for the gift of life, no matter how poor a life the child may have come into; for, if our great hope be true, and this is only the beginning of an eternal career, then the child owes to father and mother the fact that his feet are placed on the lowest rounds of a ladder that reaches to the very foot of the throne of God. You will remember that the other day, in speaking of Mrs. Lucy Stone, I quoted the fact that some one said to her, referring to some poor and miserably born persons, that perhaps it would have been better if they had never been born, and Mrs. Stone quickly replied, "No, at least they have had bestowed upon them the mysterious, infinite gift of life." However poor the beginning here, there is the possibility of infinite unfolding.

But I do think it may be a question sometimes as to the degree of expressed gratitude that children owe to their parents. The gratitude may at least be modified according to conditions. If my experience and observation are worth anything, it is those fathers and mothers that have given their children the least occasion for gratitude who frequently make the largest claim.

What ought to be the attitude of the child towards the religious, the political opinions and occupations of the father and mother? In other words, ought the reverence that we pay to father and mother, ought the loyalty we owe, to carry us so far that we should feel bound to repeat the life of father or mother over and over again? I have read to you this

morning as a part of my lesson some Chinese and Buddhist sayings on this subject. But you know well that the Chinese kingdom to-day is a living — you can hardly call it living — illustration of the evil of carrying this reverence for parents too far in practical affairs. It is the religion of the Chinese to reverence and worship ancestors, the king, the father, the mother, the ancestors of the people, the old ideas, the old customs, the old ways. These are the things that are impressed upon every child ; and, just as the child's feet are shaped by external pressure and forbidden to grow beyond a certain size, so the burden and the weight of the traditions of the past press upon the brain and heart and sentiment, and they have kept the Chinese empire stagnant for a thousand years.

It is very curious to me to note the extent to which this matter is carried frequently in the modern world. I know a case here in Massachusetts of a young man who changed his political ideas from those of his father; and the expressed resentment in many quarters carried with it the idea that there was something somehow disloyal, dishonoring, in the act, that the son had hardly the right to look over the political condition of things for himself, and choose his own course, no matter what the age at which he had arrived. I suppose that, if the question were bluntly put to any particular man, he would hardly make the claim; and yet there was the feeling in this way. It is this which I had in mind in saying that there are traces of the old-time thought lingering in the present where they do not belong. I have changed my political ideas, so that they are not those of my father. I do not feel, therefore, that I have dishonored my father. I honor my father most, it seems to me, by playing the part of a free thinking, earnest, honest man in the midst of the conditions in which I am placed, not by repeating, parrot-like, certain

ideas which seemed clear and important to him forty years ago, in conditions of life which do not now exist. Those people who think that loyalty to father and mother on the part of a man means that he shall not change the ideas which he has inherited commit themselves to a course which would stop the growth of the world. All progress means change, and all change means differing with some one in regard to old ideas; and unless change, unless this difference, be allowed, then the world simply stands still. And at any particular epoch in the history of the world, if this principle had been dominant, there would have been no possibility of any farther advance.

Precisely the same is true in regard to religious ideas. Henry Ward Beecher on a certain occasion, when he was asked if he were a Calvinist, said, "Yes; that is, I believe just what John Calvin would believe if he were alive now, and saw things as I do." That is the only way in which a man has any right to be an adherent of the religious ideas of the past. There is hardly a single point in matters of religion at which I am at agreement to-day with those that were held by my father. Should I therefore consider myself disloyal to him? Since my father formulated his religious ideas, discoveries and advances have been made that have revolutionized the thought of the intelligent world. Shall I take no account of these? My father was loyal to the best light he knew. I am loyal to him, in the only sense in which loyalty is a part of manhood, by being the same, consecrating myself to the highest and finest light which I can discover in the world in which I am living to-day. Let us, then, honor father and mother, let us occupy this attitude of grateful, reverent love; but let us feel that we are doing them the highest reverence by seeing to it that we help to secure the highest and finest things for the world as they would help,

were they here in our places. So much for a man in the first relation, as child.

Come now to the second point, a man as husband. In the olden time, as you know,—and it is true over a very large part of the world still,—a man had no choice in the matter as to who his wife should be. Many and many a time the first glimpse he had of her was when she was brought home as his wife. There are in the modern world, now and then, what purport to be scientific suggestions as to methods of deciding what persons ought to marry. I believe, however, that no way has been discovered as yet which is better than perfect and simple freedom. When there is genuine mutual attraction, and after time has been allowed for adequate acquaintance, I do not believe that there can be found any better method than that. After there has been time for adequate acquaintance, I say. I believe that many of the evils of married life have their source right there. There has not been time or opportunity for adequate acquaintance. I believe that instead of forbidding divorce, under all and every condition, that many of the evils of the world would be better solved by making it a little more difficult to enter the state of matrimony than it is to-day,—not prohibition, but make it difficult enough so that there is adequate time for thought, for acquaintance, for something in the way of knowledge as to what is being done.

But, when a man has chosen and taken some woman to be his partner for life, he has voluntarily taken upon himself the most sacred obligation in the world. Whatever he may be, whatever he may do, at any rate, his highest and grandest duty is to see to it that the happiness which she has intrusted to him be preserved and perpetuated. This, it seems to me, is the most sacred of obligations.

And how in regard to the government, the management, of the household? This may seem to you a simple thing; but I do believe that some of the matters which I propose to touch upon lie at the base and are the cause of nearly all the unhappiness that destroys the peace of so many homes. Is there any head to the family, or ought there to be any head? Shall the man in the family arrogate to himself the right of king, of dictator? In the olden days the family, so far as any powers or rights were concerned, was the man. I have occasion to refer again to my sermon on Mrs. Lucy Stone. I read to you a part of a protest which Mr. Blackwell and Lucy Stone drew up as they entered upon this sacred relation,— a protest against common customs, some of them incorporated as laws, some of them only public opinion. I believe that in every single point against which they protested they were right; and yet, to emphasize that which I said a moment ago, as to how little progress we have made here in the freest nation of the world with the highest human ideals, this protest was received with almost universal ridicule and contempt. And yet it was only an attempt to express what seem to me some of the simplest ideas of justice, equality, and right. I believe that in any true marriage, if it is a marriage worthy of the name, there is no head, there is no king, there is no despot. If there is anything approaching mutual respect and confidence,— and, if there is not, it is not marriage,— then the relation is pure democracy. A husband has no right to control over the wife except that which comes through mutual respect and confidence and love; and even by these channels he has no more right of control over her than she has over him. It ought to be a pure bit of democracy, the purest that the world has ever seen. It is a contract the essence and binding part of which are mutual love and respect.

Let me indicate one or two matters falling under this, and showing the extent to which I would carry this principle.

In the first place, the wife should have absolute and life-long control over her own person. Anything else is despotism, cruelty, bestiality.

In matters of money, what? You know what my views on this matter are. I will speak of them again, however; for, however far advanced *you* may be on this subject, I know that the world has advanced but a very little way in this matter. Most husbands,—and it was a legal right until within a very few years, and it is more of a legal right still than it ought to be,—most husbands assume that the property of the family, unless the wife has inherited some which has been settled upon her independently, belongs to him. I say, No, not one farthing of it, in that sense. It is an equal partnership; and the husband has no more right to dole out the money to his wife in small quantities, and demand of her that she shall keep account of what she does with it and report to him, than the wife has to dole it out to the husband and demand that he keep account of it and report to her. I should be ashamed of myself, and hold myself in day and night long contempt if I ever asked one question concerning matters like that. And I hope the time will come when every man will learn to be ashamed of it. The wife should have as absolutely free and unquestioned control in matters of that sort as the husband has; and, if she be a wife worthy of the name, she will not abuse her power. She will be all the more considerate and careful if taken into confidence in this way and made to feel that she is free. I know wives, I could find them all over this country, who are compelled to resort to duplicity, to subterfuge, to falsehood, to every petty and mean thing you can conceive, merely to get a little money. And the husband is to blame where a state of things like this exists.

The wife should have unlimited freedom in regard to her opinions, just as the child should when he is grown,—religious, political, what not. Encourage freedom of thought and diversity. Let the wife lead her own life. Let her study. She has the same right, if she pleases, to belong to a club that a man has, to follow her intellectual and artistic bent that he has, the same right to lead a full and rounded existence. And, if she be true and there be mutual respect and confidence, the home is made only the richer by this living out of the full life of both the husband and the wife.

Here, then, is the principle: you can carry it out in other directions in as many ways as you please, but here is the essence of the relation,—love and respect; and, where these exist, the richer and the fuller and broader the lives, the better for both.

Come now to note the third relation in which a man stands to the family,—the father. Of course, what I say here will be only the obverse side of some of the things that I hinted when speaking of the child as related to the father. Yet there are some points that need emphasis over and over again. I have seen it in so many homes, I remember so many cases in the homes of other boys when I was a boy, it exists all over the world,—this condition of things which is still on the very verge of barbarism. The world is half-civilized in regard to the relation of the parent and the child. Let me note one or two points by way of illustration and emphasis.

First, what claim has the child on the father, and what right has the father over the child? A child does not come here by its own will. It comes because invited. And the first right that a child has is that it shall be born of free will and into welcoming arms. It is the most unspeakable outrage when a soul is invited out of the infinite into a home

where there is no welcome, invited by accident, and not wanted. Think what it means that an immortal soul, a child of God, should cross the threshold of your home, and be at your mercy ! The first great duty, then, that devolves on every man in regard to the child is that there shall be loving, tender welcome awaiting its advent.

And, then, as the child grows, I believe that the most important thing is that which we the Puritans and we children of the Puritans have been traditionally accustomed to overlook,—that the child's home shall be made happy. I do not believe anything in the life of the child is quite so important as this. A man may grow old ; and, as he grows old, he may come in contact with such sides of the world that he loses faith in almost everything. He loses faith in every man. He loses faith in business, in the industrial condition of the country. He thinks that the universe is out of joint ; and he may lose faith in God. But, if, away off at the beginning there is a picture that memory calls up, of a happy home, if his father was just and kind, and did the best he knew, and, above all, if he can remember the tender, cherishing, brooding love of his mother, there is something still to which you can appeal, there is something still which can be saved. Too much cannot be said about it. I know orators have dwelt on it, and poets have sung it in all ages ; but there is nothing quite so wonderful in many ways as this home mother love. There is no other love so unselfish, there is no other love that will bear so much neglect, so much abuse, that is absolutely incapable of forgetting. There is no other love like this ; and, if the mother can bathe the life of her boy in this love, and let him carry it with him as an atmosphere to breathe from that day till his death, she has done more for him than in any other possible way can be accomplished.

Then the next thing a man should do as father is to see

to it that his children are educated and trained in the best possible way for the work of their life. It is very difficult sometimes to find out what a boy or a girl is specially fitted for. There may not be any particular bent to determine the matter. But if a father can train the child, educate him in general ways, make him intelligent, educate hand and eye and ear and brain so as to fit him to cope with the conditions of life, whatever they may be, then he has bestowed upon him the ability to be a man.

I believe also that he should train him into independence of thinking. Here is the obverse of what I said in regard to this as related to the father. The father should not attempt, as though he were infallible, to engraft his own opinions, intellectual, political, or religious, upon his child. The only true education that any man can have in this regard is a fitness to think, to observe, and to make up his own mind intelligently. I should consider that I had rendered my children a very poor service, indeed, if I had simply stamped them, as though they were wax, with my own ideas. I believe in my own ideas with all my soul : if I did not, I should not hold them ; but I would rather have my children differ from me and depart radically from any and every one of my opinions than simply to take them on authority from me. I do not believe the father has any right to impose himself as an authority in any direction on his children. It is his business to train them to be free, to be intelligent, to be independent, to look over the world, and walk the ways of the world for themselves.

And let us not be afraid of our children getting beyond our reach too soon. I know so many cases where fathers and mothers absorb the children, hinder their free and full development, try to make them mere adjuncts and accessories of their own lives, instead of training them into freedom

as soon as possible. You do your children a radical and permanent wrong, if you attach them in this way to yourselves. A father has no right, merely because he wants his daughter in the house and enjoys having her there, to frustrate or interfere with her prospects in life, keeping her selfishly instead of fitting her to be the woman that she is capable of becoming. A mother has no right in this direction. It is our business to train the boys and girls both into independence of us just as rapidly as possible. And, if we do that, holding them and trying to hold them only by free bondage of love and gratitude, we shall find that we have them closer to us than as though we treated them in the other way. I have not noticed such a thing since I was a boy, and do not know how prevalent it is in the country still; but, when I was a boy, I remember many boys whose lives were held by legal bonds to the home in such a way that they learned to hate it, and would run away from it at the very first opportunity. I have known boys who would buy their time of their own fathers because they were tired of staying at home, and wished to have an opportunity of living a life of their own. You know it is the law that a father can hold the services and take the money of his child until he becomes of age; and I have known farmers to take that advantage of their boys until, instead of loving, they learned to hate the home. Hold your children, but hold them by bonds of love, and love alone; and then you will have a tie that time nor distance nor even death is capable of touching.

And now one brief point at the last. You noticed in the inscription from the old Egyptian tomb that I read this morning that it praises the man as almost the highest culmination of his virtues, in that he "never left his home in a bad temper." I wonder how many of us could have that on our tombstones? I would add to that, Never enter your

home in a bad temper, and never have a bad temper between the time of entering and of leaving, if you can possibly help it. In other words, one of the most important things in regard to the happiness of the home is the atmosphere, that intangible something from which we cannot escape. You know what it means. You know that sometimes in the home it is sunny and sweet and peaceful and restful, and that again, though nothing may be said and nothing done, there is neither peace nor rest. There is something in the air that disturbs and chills: the mercury falls, and it is cold. I believe—and here I am preaching to myself—I believe that a man has no right to take his business worries and outside cares into the home. I am preaching against myself, I say, for I know I often do it; but I still say I have no right to do it, and no one else has any right to do it. Let us, if we cannot control the weather anywhere else, keep one spot over which no clouds hang, one spot where the sun shines, one spot where all can sink down with a sense of perfect restfulness and peace.

Let us live out then, so far as we may, the ideal of a man in the relation which he sustains to the family, as child, husband, father. Let us try to-day to forestall the future and to create such conditions as will some day be universal.

A MAN IN BUSINESS.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—LUKE
ii. 49.

I PRESUME that you have not been accustomed to find anything in these words of the young boy of twelve from Nazareth that even suggested to you the ordinary meaning of the word "business." And yet I take it that, when the world becomes purely civilized, all the occupations of the world will be recognized as only parts of the Father's business. This great truth I shall hope to suggest at any rate to you before I am through.

The business of the world may be summed up, I suppose, in two words, production and distribution: it is the creating and the distributing of those things which the needs or the wishes of the world demand. Ordinarily, a very wide divorce is recognized as existing between business and religion, between that which is looked upon as the purely secular side of life and that which concerns the ideal, the spiritual nature of man. When a man goes into business, he is apt to think that he is engaged in something that does not necessarily take him very near to the divine, but into something in which perhaps he feels he must leave the divine ideals and the divine presence very largely out of account. In other words, I think it has been too common on the part of business men to deprecate their business, or not sufficiently to honor it, not sufficiently to appreciate the human, the divine, side of the occupations that engage their attention.

I wish to suggest this truth, and to start your thoughts along certain lines in that direction, after calling your attention to some things which business has done and is doing for the higher sides of human life.

In the first place, let us note how much business has done for the physical man, for the material side of our civilization. The difference between the lowest type of man and the highest type may in one way be regarded as the difference in the number, in the multiplicity, of his wants. The more things a man wants and the higher the things that he wants, the more he is a man. If you wish to sum the whole thing up in a word, look at a barbarian in a hut, scarcely needing clothing, supplying himself with such food as he can get with the simplest efforts, without anything that can be called a house, only the roughest, rudest kind of shelter, and with none of those things that suggest what we mean by human wants, and then place beside that man and that hut the completest home that you have ever seen. The distance travelled between the hut and the home suggests more than almost anything else what the business of the world has done for man, looked at almost entirely on his animal side.

The business of the world suggests new desires. It goes on to supply those new desires, and out of the habits thus gained there is a constant widening, deepening, heightening, of human wants; and so man, looked at purely on the material side, becomes more, deeper, broader, loftier in his stature, more and more *a man*.

Let us turn from that, which I only throw out as a hint, to note what business has done for the intellectual side of life. We sometimes trace a contrast between the business man and the intellectual man; and it is quite possible that a man should so narrow himself, and become so absorbed in his special line of business, as to neglect the larger intellectual

life. It is possible that he may stunt the intellectual faculties that might be called into play, and so create an intellectual antagonism between business and the intellectual life of the world; and yet, when I am done, I think you will see how large an intellectual debt the world owes to the business enterprise of men.

I merely call your attention to—I cannot stop to catalogue them—the innumerable evidences of intellectual ingenuity, acuteness, invention, and discovery which constitute the material civilization of the world to-day. Note there, again, the contrast between the barbarian, almost entirely without intellectual curiosity, who stares only with a sort of ox-like wonder at anything which is unfamiliar to him, to whom it hardly occurs to ask questions, to search for causes, to discover methods,—contrast, I say, that man with Edison, with the type of the alert, the inventive, the constructive, the creative genius of the world! Think what a stimulant business activity, business invention, has been to the intellect of man! for almost all the things that have been created and that make up what we mean when we say modern civilization have come as the result of the business ingenuity, activity, inventiveness, and enterprise of the world. Recollect that the brain of man grows in power, in weight, in complexity of structure, to keep step with the thought of man. I will not raise the subtle question as to whether thought creates brain or brain creates thought. I am inclined to think that, just as it is breathing which adds to lung power, so it is thinking which adds to brain power; but the two grow together, and keep equal step in the advance of mankind. As, then, when man desires something new, he faces obstacles and invents something to enable him to accomplish the end he has in view, so the intellectual power of man becomes more keen, acute, mighty, masterful. Take,

for example, the mariner's compass. Take all that has followed after that. Or you may go back farther, if you please, and begin with the human discovery of fire, with man's ability to smelt and recombine the metals. Take any step you please in civilization, and you will find either business ingenuity or business inventiveness, business enterprise, the business hunger of the world, as the mainspring and motive force of the intellectual uplift and onlook.

Then, to turn to another phase, take the discoveries of the world, the knowledge that we have attained concerning this little planet on which is our home. We owe this knowledge of the world to the business enterprise and hunger of men more than to anything and everything else. The first hint that we find in classical antiquity or in the traditions of nations of the far-off voyages of the world, they were business enterprises. The search for the Golden Fleece, the fleets hinted in the Old Testament in Solomon's time,—what were they for? They were after the gold of Ophir. They were for bringing back from far-off lands the spices and different things that people in their little higher type of civilization had come to desire. Almost every voyage of the ancient world had the business instinct of man as its mainspring, its motive force. And, when we come to those larger enterprises, what was the voyage of Columbus for? He did, indeed, have as a personal secret, hid away in his own heart, a religious desire. He hoped he might find somewhere traces of the earthly paradise, of the Garden of Eden. And, when he became rich enough, it was his intention to equip a magnificent army, and take possession of the Holy Sepulchre, ridding it once for all of the infidel. But that which inspired Ferdinand and Isabella, the backers of Columbus, to furnish him means for his voyage, was that they might find a way to the accumulated and fabulous riches of India. It was busi-

ness which led to the discovery of America. So almost every voyage that has been undertaken since then. The enterprise which has led to the exploration of the most distant parts of the earth, which has opened up the secrets that have been hidden for centuries in the heart of the Dark Continent, which has led to the sources of the Nile, which has made Africa a known territory after being a mystery for thousands of years,—all this has been accomplished by business enterprise.

Let us take a step further, showing how in many unexpected quarters the business inventions of man have led to an increase in the world's knowledge. When the great East India Company was organized, it was for business, and business alone. There were no religious yearnings, no humanitarian impulses, no conscious desire to better mankind or to add to the world's knowledge ; and yet the scholarship of the modern world owes almost more to the enterprise of the East India Company than to any one other thing that can be named. This power that took possession of India for the sake of the pounds, shillings, and pence involved led to the discovery of the old Hindu scriptures ; and this to what ? It unlocked the secrets of the old classical mythologies that the world had never comprehended before. It unlocked them so that we could come near to the sources, and see these things growing, in process. Before, they had been a mystery, and we were not able to understand their significance. This carried us toward the fountain-head of the world's religious life, the world's records of that religious life, its hymns and bibles ; and, as a result of it, we have modern criticism. We have the science of comparative religion. We have discovered religions in their formative stage. We have seen their birth and growth. We have seen the elements out of which they sprang. So a light has

been cast upon the origin and the growth of Christianity, and of the Hebrew religion, and of all the other religions of the world, such as could not have come from any other source. All this we owe to the business enterprise and the successful carrying out of the business inventions of man.

Let us turn now, and note some of the things that business has done for the higher life of man, what we are accustomed to call the moral and spiritual life. Has business done anything for this? People have been preached to a great deal as to what religion has done for business, or what religion ought to do for business. It is not often, I think, that the matter has been turned round, and people have had an opportunity to find out what business has done for religion. Let us note two or three points.

One other distinguishing characteristic of the modern world, one of the most hopeful phases, is a growing sense of human brotherhood,—the sense that man in every stage of his development, under no matter what form of government, in whatever land, is still human; that he is the child of the one Father, and that we all are brethren. I am perfectly aware that some of the religions of the world—not all of them—have been preaching this doctrine for a great many years. But that which has made it effective, that which has done more than all the bibles, more than all the religions, more than all the preachers put together, has been the development of the world's business. Consider what I mean. You separate people and keep them apart, and it is very easy for a misunderstanding to spring up between them. Take it in so simple a matter as the conduct of your daily business. You send a messenger to a man instead of talking with him, and he may misunderstand that messenger. Or he may wish to ask a question to make the matter a little clearer, and not be able to get his answer from the mes-

senger; and the misunderstanding increases. You may try to straighten out the matter by correspondence; but any letter that was ever written leaves room for questions to be asked, little points to be talked over, so that your letter may not mend the matter. But let these two men meet face to face, and look each other in the eyes and talk it over, and the chances are that a natural and easy solution may be found for the difficulty. But the moment you put an obstacle between people that keeps them apart you create the possibility of misconceptions that lead to enmity, to a sense of alienation, and that may end in hatred and outright warfare. The world from the beginning has been, kept from being civilized because of the difficulties of bringing different people into communication with each other. They have been separated by almost every conceivable barrier,—barriers of language, of mountain chains, of rivers and oceans. As individual misconceptions spring up when people are kept apart, so the conception of human brotherhood grows when people are brought together. Now, what is it that has made the peoples of the modern world flow together to so large an extent as they have? It is this mutual acquaintance. It has given a sense of reality, of human brotherhood, of human relations. It is the business enterprise of the world, more than all other forces combined. It is this business enterprise that has bridged the oceans, tunnelled the mountains, broken down barriers, and brought people together in spite of political and religious antipathy. Beneath all these things there has been revealed a common heart of a common humanity.

Note one other thing, what business has done for the religious and moral nature and welfare of the world. Some of you will be surprised, perhaps, that I mention this. It is a common charge that the business world is made up of dis-

honesty, a lack of truth between man and man; yet right here I wish to say—and this contention can be maintained against all comers—that the business of the world has done more to create and maintain a sense of truth in the world than everything else put together. If you will study those peoples who are isolated from the business world, that are not yet in accord with civilization as to their business wants and business activities, you will find that such a thing as truth is hardly a recognized quality. As a matter of fact, there is an outcry against defalcation, against dishonesty, against untruthfulness in business, not because they are common, but because they are uncommon,—relatively, I mean. As a matter of fact, the business of the world could not be carried on a day unless mutual trust and truthfulness were the very corner-stone of business, as it is. It is the necessity of business that men should tell the truth; and so, as I said, among the great business peoples of the world you will find to-day a higher and more general regard for truth than you will anywhere else on the face of the earth. And this has sprung up out of the fact that, if men are going to do business together for any length of time, they must trust each other. And you know they do trust each other,—trust each other to the extent of fabulous amounts of money. And you know that it is only now and then that a trust like this is betrayed; and, when it is betrayed, it becomes a matter of news, and is bruited all abroad over the world, as I said, because it is uncommon.

Then take another service which business has rendered to the higher life of the world. We have not yet reached it; but we are approaching an age of human peace on earth and good will towards men. We are nearer to it to-day than we ever were before. Study the condition of primitive man. It is a condition of universal and almost perpetual warfare.

To-day the world is comparatively free from war, wars that mean much, that are extensive. Wars are getting to be so expensive, and they interfere so with the carrying on of the world's business, that they are generally very sharp, short, and quickly over, because the business of the world will not back them up or support them or endure them for any longer time than is absolutely necessary. Business has done more to help on the age of peace than religion has. By religion I mean this technical talk of religion; for you will remember that I think religion and business are one. There never has been a war since the beginning of the world that religion or the priests or the ministers of the particular country in which the war was waged did not find some way to justify. Religion has preached against war, has decried it when it concerned some one else; but the moment when any particular people entered upon any war the constituted religion of that people has backed it up, and indorsed it. But the business of the world cannot endure this perpetual warfare; and it is the business interests of the world that by and by will bring about the long-desired reign of peace.

One more count let me make. What has religion done for the higher interests of the world? Out of the successful carrying on of business have blossomed all the higher and finer and sweeter aspects of human life. If men must use all their endeavors merely to exist, they remain animals. They *must* remain animals. There is no time or strength, and there are no faculties, to be devoted to anything else. But, just so soon as a successful carrying out of the business of the world is able to sustain the world without an absorption of all the higher intellectual, moral, spiritual faculties of mankind, then a certain quantity of these are set free, released, and are able to engage in those things which are on a higher level than where we are accustomed to place these

business interests. So out of the successful carrying on of business have blossomed architecture and art and music and poetry and literature. It is among those peoples that have been the most successful in their business relations, who have accumulated wealth, who have been able to create leisure on the part of those who are capable of devoting themselves to these higher interests,—it is among these peoples that we find the highest and finest outflowering of these higher, spiritual qualities of men. So much, then, as a suggestion along a few lines concerning what business has done for the higher life of the world.

I wish now to turn and set this ideal man that I have been trying to create in your imaginations by this course of sermons,—I wish to set him face to face with the practical aspects of business life, and find out what kind of a man he will be in these things. Some things he will do: some things he will not do. Let us note how he will do some things, and how he will not do some.

In the first place, then, *a man*, being all that those two little words imply, will not be engaged in and will not countenance the conduct of any business the very existence of which is an injury to the world. You know there are businesses like that. You know there are people enough still found to carry them on, who take advantage of the lower, depraved, degraded desires of the world. *A man* will not engage in a business like that. He will not countenance nor support it.

In the second place, a man will not lie in carrying on his business. In his definition of the word "lying" he will not merely make it square with the statutory laws as to perjury. He will have a sensitive conscience as to what lying means, deception in business. *A man* will not lie.

In the next place, he will not steal. He will not keep

simply within the statutory law. You know perfectly well that there are men occupying positions of prominence in this country to-day whose property represents nothing else in this world but stealing. In other words, they have come into possession of this property without paying anybody, the person who previously held it, any equivalent for it. They have not earned it; they have not paid for it; they have not inherited it. But they have got it; and it is stealing. By and by,—you know I have told you that we are not very far along towards civilization yet,—by and by the conscience of the civilized world will be such that a man like that, though he have stolen millions, will be an outcast, even if there be no law against it. To-day the man who steals a little we take care of. We have not yet become strong enough in our consciences and in our law, in our public indignation, so that we can handle one of these bigger thieves. When I was a boy on the Kennebec River, I used to go out, with some cousins of mine, drifting with a long net for the catching of fish. We could manage the little fish well enough; but now and then there would come a sturgeon, six or eight feet long, who would plunge straight through the net, leaving a hole large enough for a man to follow behind him. That is the condition of things to-day in regard to these bigger thieves of the world. They are strong enough to go through our nets and escape, leaving wrecks behind.

Another thing that *a man* will not do in business: he will not treat those whom he employs as mere counters, as though they had neither brain nor heart nor soul. You know that there are men who, in the management of their concerns, treat these people simply as "hands," as we call them. So many "hands" are employed; and the employer is apt to forget that they are men or women that he is dealing with. He is apt to forget, in the narrowness of his own

selfishness, that, in the long run, the business prosperity of a city or a State or a country depends upon the prosperity of the "hands," the common people, the workers, upon the general well-being.

Then there is another thing. I think that, when the world gets civilized, the true man will not fight his competitors as he does now. There is a curious distinction that I wish to make as real to you as I can right here. It springs out of the fact that we are only partially civilized, that people do not see or draw this distinction, that they almost universally overlook it. We have become elevated morally to such a plane that we do not allow a man merely because he is physically strong to rob another who is physically weak. We have got so far. In the old days they did that. The man who was the strongest took whatever he could put his hands on; and there was nobody to hinder. The old robber barons of the Middle Ages are good examples of it. They swooped down on every passer-by, took what they could get from them, and retired to their castles or robber dens, and snapped their fingers in the face of the world, and asked what anybody was going to do about it; and people could not do much about it. We have got civilized past that now. We would not allow a man like John L. Sullivan, merely because he was stronger, to club a man in the streets and pick his pockets and walk away unmolested.

Now note the distinction. Here is a man who may not be physically any stronger than his competitor; but mentally he is a giant, and mentally the other is a weakling. Now, I beg you to tell me, if you can, where is the distinction in the essential inhumanity and brutality between a man's knocking a weak man down with a club and picking his pockets and an intellectual giant knocking his intellectual inferior down with an invisible club and emptying his pockets.

When we get civilized, we shall put our ban on that just as surely as we have put it on the other. Merely because a man is endowed with an intellectual power greater than his competitor, has he a right to knock him down, crush him, walk over him, utterly ruin his business, his prosperity, and leave his wife and children poor?

I have in mind a man—I will not name him, not in this city, I am glad to say—who was distinguished all his life long for just that; and he was looked upon as smart. He was a Napoleon of finance, he was brilliant, he was a successful “operator,” he was a mighty man in the markets. No matter how many people he knocked down and trampled underfoot and utterly ruined, so long as he did it with an invisible club, he was applauded. I say a man who crushes out another, ruins him, destroys his business and his possibilities of life, merely because he has greater intellectual power, is as much a brute as he is who does it merely by sheer physical force. There is no more humanity in the one case than there is in the other. I know that is not a popular doctrine yet; and very likely a great many of you who are listening to me now have never had it suggested to you before, and will not be ready to agree with me at the first blush. But think it over a little. I would as lief be robbed by physical force as by any other force: the essence of it is in the fact that I have been robbed.

Pass to another phase, a point I have spoken of a good many times; and I presume I shall speak of it a good many times more if I keep on preaching. *A man* will not make his business the end of his life. He will make it a means to an end: he will make manhood the end.

There is another thing that the higher type of man will do. He will recognize the ideal side of business. He will realize the fact that I have been outlining: that this business

of the world is a part of the network that links humanity and all its interests and its hopes together ; and, no matter what little part a man play,— it may seem small and of slight account,— he will go about his business with a sense that he is a child of God, engaged in keeping up and helping on the civilization of the world merely by doing his little part in the place where he finds himself.

And now, here, at the end, one other point which seems to me magnificent in its importance. I said near the beginning that men are accustomed to divide their lives into two parts : here is business, and here is religion ; here is the secular, and here is the sacred side of life. Did it ever occur to you that, when you are engaged in your business, you are engaged in the most important part of your religious life? The man who measures an honest yard or weighs out an honest pound, or conducts any business transaction in a manly way, remembering that every honest business transaction implies the mutual well-being, the benefit, of all who are concerned,— the man who does this is doing a thousand times more for the world than a man who merely prays, merely attends church, merely reads the Bible. A man may do that, and be intensely selfish, of no practical benefit to the world. But a man cannot fill his place in the conduct of the world's business affairs, and fill it well, without being a part of the universal harmony of the world's civilization.

Then did it ever occur to you that, as man grows, as he lives higher, gets more of the divine in him, he sees more of God and of the divine everywhere? I find myself, the older I grow, growing more and more religious in the attitude I take towards the common things of the world. I feel like bowing in reverence in the presence of a flower. If I could explain the mystery of a grain of sand, I could explain the universe. God fronts me there. So there is not

a fabric or material with which you deal that has not about it a touch of the very presence of God, the mystery of matter, the mystery of all the elements that compose it.

And, then, think what we are doing in the business world, when we are getting control, as we say, of natural forces. It is God who is at work for you at every turn. Go into your factory, and hear the hum of your thousand spindles, and know that it is God ceaselessly toiling that is turning every one. Go to your brook-side, where you get your power for your mill-wheel or your electricity, and know that it is God who, in all the circuit through vapor and rain and snow and water, is keeping up for you this ceaseless round out of which you get your force. It is God who drives your mill, who fans across the ocean every ship with his winds,—God in the steam, God in the electric power. I feel like falling on my knees sometimes in the presence of an electric car.

Stop, and think what it means. Your business, then, if you have eyes to see, if you have ears to hear, brings you every day into the presence-chamber of the Eternal; and by rightly conducting the world's business you are serving your fellow-men, and so serving God, and serving him a thousand times more than you are in the perfunctory rituals that you call your religious duty.

Remember, then, that, in being business men, men of honor, truth, integrity, you are serving mankind and glorifying God, and that here, in the field of business, is the place where you are to carry out the teachings and suggestions of your bibles and your sermons, your prayers and your churches. Here you learn *about* religion: in the field of your business you *live it out*.

A MAN IN POLITICS.

I TAKE for my text the words in the thirteenth chapter of Romans, verse 10 : "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor : love therefore is the fulfilment of the law."

This is one of the themes, and the method of treating it I shall be obliged to follow is one of the methods that will lead me into fields that by many are not regarded as appropriate for the pulpit or for Sunday morning. If I should treat of the politics of the Babylonians or of the Jews before Christ, I presume no fault would be found. But treating of politics to-day and in America is another matter. While these subjects are regarded as appropriate for review articles, for newspaper editorials, for week-day lectures, there is a great number of people who do not think them fitting at all for the sermons of Sunday mornings. In a recent number of the *Forum* there was an article, the exact title of which I do not remember, but the substance of which was a wail over the decay of the modern pulpit ; and a part of that wail dealt with the fact that the modern pulpit does consider more than was customary in ancient times the every-day affairs of this life. The writer of this article quoted what he claimed was a saying of the late Phillips Brooks, to the effect that he thanked God that he never had preached a sermon dealing with science and religion. I do not know certainly whether Phillips Brooks ever used such words or whether he ever preached such a sermon. But, if the statement be true, I should not quote it to his credit ; for though

religion be an ideal, though it be something ever above and beyond us, yet, in my interpretation of it, it is something which, on this end at least, touches and deals with our practical human life. If it have not power to lift up, to glorify, to purify the daily affairs of men, then, no matter by what name it be called, it is not religion. And the God that is worshipped is not the God that rules this world, unless he comes into contact with the daily affairs of this world. You know very well—and I need not repeat it, only for the benefit of the few, if there be such, who do not know—that I have never claimed a right in this pulpit to touch questions of partisan politics. Outside of the pulpit, in my capacity as a citizen, I have the same right that any other man has to his views on party measures, party candidates, and the conduct of public affairs. I have the same right to perfect freedom in casting my vote that belongs to any other man; but it is none of my business in this place, and when addressing people of all shades of opinion, to attack men, or to tell those who listen to me for whom or how they ought to vote. But it *is* my business, as a minister of religion, to deal with the fundamental principles of right and wrong that touch any and every department of human life. And I am not stepping one side from the pathway which my calling lays out for me in dealing with these matters. So much by way of preface.

There has never been any problem presented to humanity since it began to face problems that it has found more difficult of solution than this problem of human government. So much ignorance, so much prejudice, so much selfishness, so much of the animal are still left in humanity that it has been, I say, the most difficult problem of the world to get people to live together in anything like the ideal fashion. To attain honesty, economy, intelligence in the management

of public affairs, has been an ideal that at any epoch in the history of the world has been way ahead of us. It is ahead of us still. The nearest approach to good government, if I may be pardoned the Hibernicism, since it expresses precisely what I mean, would be no government at all. In other words, if men were wise enough and loving enough to see the eternal laws of truth and right, and obey them, there would be no necessity for any of the machinery of supervision and coercion that make up what we practically call the government. As the apostle says in the passage which I have taken, perhaps more as a motto than as a text, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: love therefore is the fulfilment of the law." If we were filled with a loving desire to do right, and only right, and were intelligent enough to find the right, then, I say, government would be reduced to the minimum; and that would be the perfection of government itself. I need spend only a very brief word in touching upon some of the forms of government that have distinguished the past; and I do this only that there may be some sort of background of human experience against which we may see our present condition.

The first form of government, as you know, is the chieftainship of the tribe. This meant two or three things. It meant generally physical strength. It meant cunning or shrewdness; it meant some kind of mastery, though the people themselves might not be able to define it, but only feel it; and, generally, it meant also a superstitious fear. For a man who has been strong enough to make himself the natural leader of his tribe has generally, as a superficial knowledge of history will reveal, claimed for himself supernatural guidance and backing. He has generally had the ministers of such religion as then existed around him, and has made the claim that he represented some invisible powers before which

the people bent in superstitious reverence and awe. This kind of power has been absolutely despotic, domineering, generally cruel to the last degree. The chief has had absolute power over life and death, absolute power over person and property, and has generally exercised it at the dictation of his own personal passion or whims. The only way of improving a government of that sort has generally been through the process of assassination or revolution, which has resulted often in establishing another chief, no better, perhaps, than the one of whom they have gotten rid.

After this comes an oligarchy or aristocracy, a government of the few, and those who assume to be the best. In this there has been no popular freedom. The mass of the people have simply been the raw material out of which the ruling powers have created armies, and used for the furtherance of their own desire.

Then have come empires, larger aggregations of tribes, when one man has been supreme over millions of his fellow-men. He, like the primal chief, has called superstition to his aid. He has generally claimed to rule by divine right, and perhaps, since the New Testament time, has quoted, and his priests have quoted for him, the words which I have read as a part of our lesson this morning,—that the powers that be, without regard to what kind of powers they are, are ordained of God, and that the man who attempts to oppose them, to overthrow them, is an enemy of God. I need not stop more than to call your attention to this type of human government. You know to what an extent it has been carried. You know how the people have suffered under this sort of rule, until the one thing that surprises me more than anything else, as I read the history of the world, is the infinite, the age-long patience of the common people. When I come to such an outbreak as that of the French Revolu-

tion, I have indeed pity for its victims ; but I have also pity for the thousands and millions of the common people who have been suffering as *their* victims for hundreds of years. The only thing that surprises me is, not that there has been one French Revolution, but that there have been no more.

On the breaking up of the Roman Empire came another phase of government, which needs a word of notice,—the feudal system. This grew out of the great popular uncertainty and unrest of the time. The common people, the farmers, the artisans, were the helpless and hopeless victims of any strong man who chose to rob them ; and at last, since he who called himself the king had no power over his whole empire to protect them, they turned to the nearest lord, and entered into a sort of contract with him to pay him certain taxes, render him certain services, on condition that he protect them from the other robbers. For, generally, the feudal lord was himself a robber as much as any of them, only it was better to be robbed by one with whom they were well acquainted and who would set some limit to his robbery than to be robbed by every passer-by. This, then, was the feudal system,—a series of nobles, each ruling over his little province or duchy with the power of a despot, and holding allegiance to the king, who was supposed to rule over them all. Out of this have come the ordinary governments of Europe in the modern world, as we are familiar with them.

Let us come now to a republic, to our own form of government. This is the first great successful attempt — successful in a very limited degree — on the part of the people to manage their own affairs, to govern themselves, to be rid of despots, of aristocracies, of those who have claimed to rule by divine right, recognizing simply the right and the welfare of the people themselves as supreme. I propose now, as the task I have set myself, to consider some of the

problems that face us, and to imagine what the true man, the kind of man I have been attempting to outline for you in this series of sermons, would do in the face of these problems.

In the first place, I think that a man, being all that word carries wrapped up in itself,—a man in a republic like this must take a practical interest in public affairs. I have no respect for that man who withdraws himself from practical political life, who considers that it is beneath him, or who, I care not for what reason, considers himself excused from an earnest, practical interest in that which concerns us all. For, consider for a moment, what is this government? An intangible, invisible thing, in the main. For the State House is not the government of Massachusetts, nor the City Hall the government of Boston, nor the Capitol of Washington the government of the country; nor are those who temporarily sit in the State House or the City Hall or the Capitol, nor are any of our officials the government. The government is an invisible thing. All these parts of the mechanism I have referred to are the arms, the agencies, of the government; and in a thousand indirect ways that we little appreciate the government touches us at every turn. It is as important to us, friends, as the air we breathe; it is the condition of our peaceful, prosperous, happy life; it is the condition of your business prosperity, of your professional prosperity, of your literary ease, of your artistic culture. Now and then I meet young men who think that politics are dirty, a little beneath them, who hold themselves aloof, who propose to follow some ideal pursuit, to engage perhaps in art or literature. But in the mean time the practical affairs of government are getting into ignorant and incompetent and prejudiced hands; and by and by the lofty pedestal on which your literary or artistic man proposes to stand comes top-

pling to the ground, and he with it as a part of the common ruin. Your business men,—and there are thousands of them in this country,—who think they have no time for politics, who are too selfish to care for public affairs, who desire rather to amass as large a fortune as possible, and trust to luck for the guidance of the Ship of State, by and by wake up to find that ignorance and incompetence have produced such a condition of affairs that their business structure is falling in a wreck about their ears, and the fortune they have so laboriously gathered is scattered in a night. Your religious men, your clergy, your priesthood, who are so interested in what they regard the higher side of human life that they have no time to stop to deal with these practical affairs of the street, find out, first or last, that ignorance or passion can frame laws that make it impossible for them to live out their ideal religious life, which they regarded as so much superior to the practical politics of the world. No, friends, in this country, where a man's voice or vote must tell, whether he will or not, no man can be loyal to his country, no man can be loyal to the highest and best interests of humanity unless he takes a constant, earnest, practical interest in the politics of his time. He has no business to let them alone; and, if he does let them alone, he will find that, in the long run, they will not let *him* alone, nor let alone the things that he holds of superior value.

There is another point. In a country like this there ought to be, if possible, a full expression at any election of the popular will. It is not a popular government unless it attains to that. At present we are very far from having attained anything of the sort. We talk about majority government ruling, and that is a rough approximation of that which is fair; but a majority, particularly when the majority is very slight, certainly has no right to ride rough-shod over the wishes of

almost as many people in the country as they themselves represent. Minorities, too, have rights ; and there ought to be some way attained in popular government by which the minority can express itself, not only through newspapers, but by embodying that wish in its fair share, its proportion, of public servants, office-holders, and those who are to guide the destinies of the land. There ought to be,—I do not touch on this matter very often ; and now I am expressing my own opinion, which I shall not attempt to force upon you, —there ought to be place and opportunity for the expression of the views and of the will of that great half of all the people who, in the main, at the present time have no voice at all. Why, for example, should the drunkard, why should the criminal just out of the penitentiary, be able to vote and frequently to hold office ; why should the ignorant thousands and millions of colored people, with no training in political life, with not knowledge enough to have any views of one kind or another concerning the most important questions that touch us ; why should the ignorant mass of immigrants who can hardly speak our language, many of them not able to speak it at all, and before they have been in this country long enough to become familiar with its political and governmental structure, to recognize what a republic means,—be allowed to share in shaping the policy of our great people, while our mothers, our sisters, our wives, and our daughters, are helpless victims of any policy they choose to initiate, without one word to say in regard to those things which concern them as much as they concern you and me ? I have never argued this question of woman suffrage very much, because it seems to me so difficult to talk intelligently about nothing at all. I have never seen anything to argue about. I have never been able to find one shadow of a shade of a reason why Mrs. Livermore should not vote, so long as I

have the right. In anything that claims to be a republic there ought to be a full and free expression of the popular will.

Let me say one word right here concerning those men who have the right to the ballot, and do not care enough about the destinies of their country to cast a vote. If I had my way, and any intelligent man of adult years refused to vote for three successive elections, I would have him disfranchised by law. It seems to me a crime against the very principles of our government. Of any two courses that concern the welfare of the people, there must always be at least a little choice ; and, if I cannot have everything my own way or what I believe to be the right way, I certainly ought to give the public the benefit of what little influence I have towards that which is relatively the better way.

Another great principle. In a republic like ours, he who is interested, the man who cares, will do everything he possibly can to make the expression of the public will an intelligent expression. Ignorance may do under a despot : it will not under a republic. There may be a very good government indeed, in which there is not a man in the whole kingdom who can write his name, provided there is an intelligent and wise despot to manage the whole. But in this country it is no idle fiction that every man is a sovereign : every man either by what he does do or does not do is shaping the destinies of his country. There is nothing quite so dangerous in a republic as ignorance. Prejudice may be argued down. Passion, when it cools a little, may be reasoned with. Almost all other things that threaten public welfare may be reached through the intelligence ; but, where intelligence is lacking, there is no possible basis on which to stand and to begin your reform. It should be the condition of the use of a ballot that men and women who vote should at least understand what they are doing.

And here, as you well know, is the only reason with which I am familiar that justifies compulsory education. The nation has a right to see to it that its rulers be as intelligent as possible, and so it has a right to put these future rulers to school. Indeed, it is the supreme duty of the country to see to it that no boy or girl grows up to wield this power over the destiny of the future, unless he is trained to at least some practical knowledge of the meaning of that power.

And here I wish to enter a protest. It will not do any good, I suppose ; but I would like to put myself on record. I think, as the result largely of partisanship that cares more for its immediate success than it does for the welfare of the country, it has been worse than a crime, it has been the hugest blunder almost in our politics, that we have put the ballot wholesale into the hands of ignorance. I am in favor of a man's voting without any regard to color or to nationality, without any regard to his religion. I am in favor of a woman's voting, too, without any regard to nationality or religion. But one thing, however, that I would make a condition is this matter of intelligence. In this country we gave the ballot to millions of people in the South who are no more fit for it than children. I would not withhold it from them as a race ; but I would put it up a little way as a prize, as an intelligent reward of climbing up into an intelligent idea of what it is for.

Another thing I would do. I have no objection to people coming to this country from foreign lands ; but, if they come here, I would make it an absolute condition of their citizenship that they should be able to read and speak the English tongue. There are thousands in this country to-day who cannot read it or speak it, and yet who are presuming, by our infinitely blundering, stupid patience, to help us govern a country which they know nothing more about than they

do of the planets and suns which move so mysteriously above their heads.

Not only that. I would have these people who come to these shores regard the ballot as a prize to be earned ; and they should not vote until they have lived here long enough,—I will not presume to set the limit of time,—but long enough to know the difference between a republic and a monarchy. Thousands of them come here and vote with no idea of the principles out of which our government has sprung or of the ideals that it is attempting with such infinite difficulty to realize on this continent. We ought, in every direction then, to insist upon an intelligent expression of the popular will ; and, if the way opens by which we can retrieve any of the enormous blunders that we have made in this direction, we ought to take — I was going to say the backward — the forward step in retrieving them.

There is one other great principle that I must touch upon. You know me well enough to know that I am not moved by bigotry or prejudice concerning any religion on the face of the earth. As a matter of fact, if you read the history of human government, you will find that the one thing which has wrought more mischief and bloodshed and cruelty than almost anything whatsoever has been the attempt to rule this world from some other world, has been the attempt at religious dictation,—sectarian dictation would perhaps be the better word to use. Lord Bacon wrote it down as one of the results of his philosophical inquiry that atheism had never disturbed states, but that the one greatest disturber of all had been superstition.

This country is threatened, as you know, in several directions by the attempts of those who claim to speak for the other world. I believe in the other world, as you know ; but, in the sense in which these men mean it, I would tell all

other worlds in the universe to keep their hands off from the management of our political affairs. Any man,—I care not who he be, minister of any church, pope, or what not,—who attempts to speak for God as to how the political affairs of America shall be conducted is, on the face of it, an impostor. There is no man on this earth who has the private ear of the Almighty, or who gets directions from him as to how American politics shall be managed. Now and then there are attempts made by the ministers of some great Church to sweep the adherents of that Church into certain movements intended to make the machinery of our government move in reference to certain pet ideas. I will hint at one or two, so that you may know what I am talking about. An attempt has been made by organizing the self-styled religious element of the country into a movement to get the name of God put into the Constitution of the United States, as though that were going to make us religious. Then an attempt has been made to engraft upon our law what they choose to call Christianity. An attempt has been made, on the supposed authority of God, to compel people in this country to observe one day in seven after some particular fashion. An attempt has been made in the management of our public schools to prescribe whether they shall or shall not teach this or that, insisting that they shall teach the evangelical faith, as many of our Boston women want it taught, or the Catholic faith, as many adherents of that Church desire.

All these things are simply serious threats against the success and perpetuity of our institutions. I do not think it is the business of any religionist to interfere with any of these affairs. If I choose to lead such a life as to risk the eternal salvation of my soul, that is a matter between God and me; but it is no matter of the governor of the Commonwealth, the mayor of the city, or of the President of the United

States. It is none of the business of our law-makers whether my soul is saved in some other world or not. The only business that these law-makers have with me is whether I am a good, law-abiding citizen so long as I am in this world. If I could have my way, I would not permit any man to wield the ballot in guiding the future of this country unless he were ready to take an oath of allegiance to this country that he should hold as supreme over any allegiance that he holds to any church or any ecclesiastical ruler in this country or any other country. The man who considers that in the last resort he must obey his minister, and not be true to the welfare of his country, is a traitor to that country, and has no business with the ballot.

There is still one other point that waits for me ; and the time presses. A true man will hold that his first allegiance, so far as his country is concerned, is to the country, and not to his party. Parties are perfectly natural. Parties, in the present stage of human civilization at least, are necessary. It cannot be expected that all people will hold the same views concerning any great public question. It is not desirable that they should. It would at any rate be a very monotonous and tiresome world to live in if they did. We need not mourn over the existence of parties ; but so many practical politicians forget that the party exists for the country, not the country for the party. So many men are blinded by partisan prejudice, so that they cannot see clearly as to that which touches the welfare of the people. Let me give a practical illustration of what I mean, and make it as terse and sharp as I can. A man is elected president of the United States, governor of Massachusetts, or mayor of the city of Boston : it makes no difference what the office may be. Now suppose he turns around, and puts a man in an office that affects the welfare of the people merely because he

helped him attain his position. What has he done? In order to make perfectly clear what I mean, let me stop a moment, and make one concession. The man who occupies the position of president or governor or mayor has a perfect right to choose for his personal advisers, those who shall help him shape the policy of the administration, men who are in substantial sympathy with his ideas. If he did not, he would not have power to carry out the supposed will of the people that have put him in his position. I am speaking of another class of officers, those that belong to the general service of the country,—judges, for example,—those that are serving the welfare of the people, who are not especially counsellors and advisers.

Now, friends, I do not think much of bribery; and yet, if a man takes five hundred dollars out of his own pocket and gives it to somebody else who has helped him to his position, though that is very bad, he has at least given his own money. But what shall I say of a man who, because he has attained public office, puts his hand in *my* pocket, and pays this other man for his service? That is what he does when he puts his hand in the public treasury, or when he appoints a man to any of those offices that I have indicated out of partisan preferment. Let me say, in view of the future, that the time will come when that man will be stigmatized as a thief. He has taken money which was not his own. He has put into office, where he is supposed to be serving you and me, a man who is unfit to serve in that position; and you and I are paying the bills and suffering bad public service merely that he may reward that partisanship. In the government of Boston we do not want Democratic sewers or Republican water-works: we want honest, economic management of the public business. Any man who accepts these offices for his own benefit or for the bene-

fit of his friends, whatever we call him now, when the public conscience is clear on the subject, we shall call him a thief. He is taking that which is not his, and is using it for other than the public service.

I have not time to dwell on this matter longer. I hope I have made clear to you just what I mean. Let me, then, in closing, say concerning the political life of a great country as I said last Sunday concerning its business life. In politics, though we may stir it up until it seems to us like a muddy pool, in the management of public affairs we are, whether we blind our eyes to it or not, face to face with God. Here is the distinction between the partisan religion I have been talking about and the real religion of the God who is the life of the living world. We are dealing with principles; and, if we are honest and true, we are working for the good of all mankind, we are trying to lift the level of the life of this nation higher, trying to make it easier for every man to get a living, for every man to be honest, for every man to be true. We are trying to establish such conditions as shall enable men to live out their free and full individual lives. For the work of government is to protect persons and property, and enable the individual to be free, and by combination to make common property, so far as we are able, the result of the world's civilization so far attained. If we know what we are doing, we are trying to build the kingdom of God here on earth. Dream as much as you please of the kingdom of God in the skies; but it is our business, as men in politics, to do all we can to realize the kingdom of God right here and now.

A MAN IN REFORMS.

A MAN will always be a reformer ; that is, a full, complete man, conscious of his position and the relation in which he stands to the past, the present, and the future, will always be engaged in some direction, in some department of life, in helping the world to be better, in helping to reform, remake, existing things into higher and finer things. This necessity, the necessity of all true men being reformers, is found in considering two great facts. The first of these is that humanity starts in feebleness, in ignorance, with almost no consciousness of its own nature or powers, with very little knowledge of its conditions, and with almost no power of control over these conditions. And, starting thus, human history represents an advance, a gradual growth, new steps taken towards the attainment of better things. And since humanity is growing thus, as the world goes on, you will see that there lies in the very fact of this statement the necessity for constantly making things over, reforming things, disturbing old conditions, bringing the actual facts of life and of the world into accordance with higher thoughts, with truer ideals of what is just and right, into clearer accord with human love. And the other fact, and one which I shall have to deal with considerably more at length, is the tendency of humanity, at any particular stage in its history, to

pitch its tents with the desire to stay there,— an unwillingness to move.

I suppose that this grows partly out of the fact that the advance of the world is necessarily so slow. People get the impression that things have always been about as they are now, and that there is no use in expecting to make them very much better. They get into the mood of the old writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes. He said there was nothing new under the sun: whatever is now has been of old; and we cannot expect the future to do anything more than to repeat the past and the present. The life of a man, the life of any generation of men, is, of course, only a moment in the life of the race; and just as a child, who sits and watches the hour hand of a clock, does not see it move, and wonders whether it will ever reach from one figure on the dial to another, so people who do not study, and become familiar with the tremendous changes that have taken place in the past, become somewhat sceptical of the possibility or the necessity for changes. And there are several characteristics of the human mind that tend to bring about this condition of affairs. I wish to refer, to make the matter clear, to some of them.

The ideal, of course, would be that there should be no reform in the sense of tearing down and rebuilding. Human institutions of every kind, if we could only reach the ideal, would be flexible, and would grow like a tree. The late Walter Bagehot, in a very remarkable book called "Science and Politics," deals at length with this question as it concerns the matter of human government. He takes a tree for his illustration. A tree, being a living organism, at least up to a certain period in its development keeps its bark flexible, so that it can expand from within, become larger, put forth new twigs, new branches, and at the same

time keep its old form. That is, it is the perfect ideal of a balance between the conservative and the radical forces that underlie the life of the world in every one of its departments. There must be enough of the conservative to keep the form, to hold the order of things; and then, if you could have this conservatism flexible enough to make way for the radical force of growth, then you would have, I say, the ideal condition of affairs. But this has almost never been attained in the history of the world. It is rather true, in a general way, that the conservative forces forget that there is any place in the world for the radical, and do their utmost to keep things as they are, until the tide of this new life gets so strong as to sweep away all barriers; and then there is revolution and what we call reform.

Now let us note a few of the human characteristics and tendencies that help to bring about this condition of affairs. In the first place there is in all of us a natural reverence and love for that to which we have become accustomed, for the old. It is a sentiment every way fair and sweet and beautiful, if only it keeps its place. Take it, for example, as bearing on the tender memories we have of the old homes. We go back to the places where we were born, and seek for the things that we remember: and they are not there,—the atmosphere is changed, the whole condition of affairs is altered. And yet there is that tender, reverent love for the old home, the old fireside, the old faces, the old landscape, the old ways, that holds us in a sort of loved and pleasant bondage. This, I say, is well, when it is allowed simply to play its part as poetry and sentiment in our hearts. We love old churches: we go abroad, and we can enter into the feeling of the people in England, in France, in Italy, as they look upon the parish church, gray, moss-covered, hung with vines that cling to it in every picturesque fashion.

And we can begin then to appreciate what a tremendous power this sentiment of old association is in hindering even ever so desirable a change. People do not like to see these memories touched, these old places, these old scenes, interfered with. And so the tendency always is for the world to become dominated by the past, to be ruled by the dead. I am not saying now as to how much good or how much evil there is in this. I am simply pointing this out as one of the things that stand in the way of the world's reforms.

Then there is another thing: this, of course, applies especially to the matter of religion. There is the sense of loyalty to what, for one reason or another, a person has come to regard as infallible truth. We are familiar with the fact that the last thing that people are willing to touch and change is their religion; that is, as a general truth. And this springs out of a perfectly praiseworthy motive. People have come to believe that the truth of their creed, the order of their service, the nature of their institutions, whatever touches and makes up their religion, has been revealed from God, or has at any rate come to them in such a way that they are persuaded that it is the finished and final truth. As an illustration of what I mean, take the saying of Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn. A few years ago he said that such a thing as progress in theology was absurd on the face of it, because the main doctrines of theology were God's revealed truth, and could not be touched or changed except to make them less true, and so to their injury and to the injury of the world. And when people become persuaded that they have the fixed and final truth of God, and, furthermore, when they take the next logical step, and believe that the welfare of mankind in this world and in the next depends on loyalty to this revealed and finished truth of God, then you see that there is a barrier raised up, against any suggestion

of change, that is mightier than any other of which we can conceive. Here are earnest convictions of truth, here are loyalty to God, here are faithfulness to the welfare of mankind,—all these engaged in keeping things as they are. And, if it were true that the world had received an infallible and finished revelation of divine truth from God, why, then, this course in regard to it would not only be perfectly logical, but would be the highest and supremest duty of every true man. But we know that there are so many of these infallibilities in the history of the world that they cannot all be true. For at every single stage of human progress, from the lowest barbarism with which we are acquainted up to the last great council of some important church, the same claim has been made, the same attempt has been entered upon, to bar the pathway of human growth in the supposed name and on the supposed authority of God. This is so natural to human nature that it is not confined to any of the churches. We can see it and feel it in some other religion than the Christian, in some other denomination of Christendom than our own; but the same tendency comes out in the freest and most liberal church in the world. There are persons in our Unitarian body who are ready to invoke the name of Channing against any further advance. They call themselves "Channing Unitarians," assume that Channing got through, that he found all the truth that was needful for the world; and, in the name of Channing and the older Unitarianism, Theodore Parker was barred. But Theodore Parker's next becomes a name to conjure with; and there is danger that the followers and lovers of Theodore Parker may repeat the same tragi-comedy, and forbid the world to differ with him. And so the same thing goes on age after age,—people assuming, without the slightest shadow of a shade of a right to assume it, 'that they have

attained all the truth that is necessary for mankind ; and so they are ready to fight against any reform which threatens to touch the order of things which they have established.

Then there is another thing that stands in the way of reform, and this not only in religion, but in the industrial world ; and that is self-interest. Men and corporations and institutions of one kind and another get so linked in with the existing order that it is for their interest to maintain that order fixed ; and so they are ready to oppose anything that touches it, no matter how large may be its promise for the development of mankind. Recall that old scene in Ephesus, the story of which is given us in the Acts of the Apostles. Some of the disciples had come, with their new truth, to this Grecian city ; and the people having seen what was coming, those people who were interested in maintaining the worship of Diana of the Ephesians,—especially those who had been engaged in manufacturing shrines, little images of the goddess, and had found it a very profitable business,—these people roused the whole city, and they got the crowd so excited that they rushed into the market-place, and for two hours together, it is said, shouted, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians !” and were ready to put down and persecute and cast out anything which touched or threatened this order on which depended the prosperity of their business. I take it that a large part of the bitterness in ancient Jerusalem against Jesus had its root right here. He had prophesied the passing away of the temple. He had said that the time was to come when the true and exclusive worship of God was not to be found there, but that people without the temple, anywhere, who were true-hearted, could offer acceptable worship to God, the Spirit. But the city of Jerusalem was a great, important, glorious city, chiefly on account of the temple. The hundreds and thousands of those con-

nected with the temple worship found their business threatened; and all the pride and glory of the Jewish race felt itself insulted, threatened, impugned, by the promise of this new truth, which was to make the temple of no importance to the life of men.

In smaller ways in the modern world the same spirit manifests itself. I have one illustration which flashes into my mind. It has its humorous side; but it is so true to human nature! A Congregational minister in the West some years ago, when some freer and larger ideas set forth by Dr. Bushnell were being discussed, said in the presence of my brother one day that he was inclined to think that these new ideas were right, and that he thought he should probably accept them. But, after thinking the matter over a little while, he shook his head, and said: "No, I cannot do that. If I accept these new ideas, I shall have to rewrite every one of my sermons, and begin all over again." Too much labor, too much thought, too much trouble involved: the personal equation comes in, and turns the scale in favor of the old and the established ideas. What is the condition of things in England to-day, in any country where there is a nobility? I presume, if I had been born a duke or an earl, I should share the sentiments and feelings of my class, my order. But think when any question of reform comes up in England,—any question touching land tenure, touching the powers and privileges of the common people in the way of the ballot, touching the question of changing the present order in favor of something that shall confer larger and more general rights on mankind,—think of the tremendous bribe of the position which these men of power occupy, think of the overmastering influence of self-interest that is involved!

And, then, there is just one more thing that I must touch

on. We are naturally lazy. There is a tremendous power of simple inertia in us,—the inertia of the comfortable people, the people who are fairly well off, who are getting their living and finding life generally comfortable in the present condition of things. They do not like to be disturbed. They do not want the trouble of thinking things over, of reconstructing the world. Even though there may come to them the faint, far-off cry of the thousands, the millions perhaps, who are not so well off as they, it is so easy to sit still; and it is so difficult, not only to consent to be disturbed, but to become one of the disturbers yourself! I wonder sometimes, when I look at the tremendous nature of these forces that are naturally arrayed against anything new, that the new ever gets a hearing, that a step forward is ever taken.

Let us turn now, and note some of the difficulties — the dangers, rather — in this work of reform. There are dangers both ways,—touching the people that are to be interfered with and touching the agitator as well. In the first place, the professional reformer, the man who becomes in dead earnest to bring about some new order of affairs, is in great danger of exaggerating the evils that he attacks. He must impress the world with the great necessity of having this particular thing done. He paints the condition, therefore, in the blackest colors. He is apt to set forth his belief that this one thing that he desires changed is the most threatening, the most dangerous, the most serious evil in all the world. And he is generally inclined to carry the implication by his argument that, if only this could be attended to, the world would be fairly on its way towards the millennium. I have noticed this so many times that perhaps it has made me now and then shrink back from putting myself in the position of an aggressive reformer as often as I felt inclined to do so. Take, for example, the matter of temperance.

God forbid that I should underrate the evils of intemperance, or that I should in any way hinder the work of those who are engaged in temperance reform! But I have in my mind one book. The author of that book believes that all the evils that afflict the world find their root right here. He believes, further, that intemperance is increasing, and getting worse and worse in every country, in Europe as well as throughout the continent of America. And, on the basis of an appeal like this, he frantically calls to all mankind, as though it were the first and only duty pressing upon them, to engage in his particular style of crusade against this great evil. Now, it seems to me that it is possible to carry this matter so far as to discourage the world. If I believed that, after nineteen hundred years of Christianity, the world, in any direction, was unspeakably worse than it ever was before, I should have very little heart to undertake to cure it. I should feel as if the universe were against me, and that the best thing I could do was to make myself and my friends as comfortable as I could, and let things go. I say, it is possible to carry this matter of exaggeration, of misrepresentation, so far as to discourage the world, and create an air of pessimism which makes people believe that very little can be done. One of the worst evils, I think, of the present condition of affairs in the world is the prevalence of this discouraged kind of pessimism. We have become so sensitive to evils, and we have talked about them so much, and we have engaged in reforms to such an extent, that we have forgotten that this sensitiveness is a hopeful fact; and we are discouraged because we find so much that is awry.

Then there is another danger: there is the danger that the reformer will misunderstand and misrepresent, and so malign the character of those that differ with him, those that are associated with the old order. I find myself perpet-

ually calling myself back into an attitude of tenderness and sympathy towards those who are on the side of what seems to me to stand in the way of the growth of the world. And yet we know perfectly well, if we study carefully, that the men who have been trained to look at a problem from the side that is opposite to that on which we stand, who occupy an entirely different point of view from ours, may be as gentle, as true-hearted, as true lovers of their fellow-men, as faithful in all the relations of life, as loving, as we are ourselves. It became the habit, for example,—to make perfectly clear the principle I am speaking of,—it became the habit of the old Abolitionists, and of the North generally, to look upon the men and women of the South as if they were conscious antagonists of God and of all good. And yet every man who stops to think of it knows that the main body of the men and women of the South were as true, as loving, as gentle, as faithful, as honest, as earnest, as they were themselves. There is no sort of question, I take it, as to which side was in the right, so far as the great forward movement of humanity was concerned. But we must learn to separate between the great underlying principles and the personal characteristics of the persons themselves who are involved. I came across a saying in one of James Russell Lowell's letters, the other day, to the effect that there never was a man, who was a leader of reform, who was not at the same time a blackguard. That is the rough, strong way of expressing what all of us must recognize as a fact,—that there is this tendency to misunderstand, to misrepresent, to malign, the people who do not agree with us, who are sure our reform is the most important thing in the world. There is this danger, therefore, that this saying of Lowell's leads me to note, of becoming narrow, becoming sour, becoming bitter, feeling that it is we and God against the world, and

that there is nobody else in all the world that sees things clearly, that stands for the truth, except ourselves. You remember the old prophet who, when he had fled from King Ahab, and was in the wilderness, cried to his God that he was the last one who was true, that he was all alone, he the only one who was really serving Yahweh. And the voice came to him, rebuking his conceit, and telling him that there were at least seven thousand other people who had not bowed the knee to Baal. And, then, we need to remember that the people who are diametrically opposed to us on even the most important questions in the world may be personally sweet and loving and true. Fight the evil, fight for the principle; but let us beware of hating the men.

Then there is the danger to the reformer himself, the great price that he has to pay. This does not discourage any true man. I think there is something of the heroic in us all, so that, if you point the pathway of honor, you need not hide the difficulties. Appeal to the heroic in men by telling them it is difficult, and that which is godlike answers to the call. Out of this misconception, out of this misunderstanding, out of this love for the old, this belief that we stand for God, for the welfare of man, this self-interest, this inertia,—out of all these things has sprung the necessity — human nature being as it is — of the great tragedies of the world. It is pitiable that the world cannot learn to get ahead after any other fashion; but it has been true in the past that the man who dared to question the public institutions, the industrial order, the religious beliefs of his time, the ethical judgments of his fellow-men,—that this man has had to do so at the price, not only of liberty, but of life itself. I want to read you again what I have read to you a great many times, and what you are perfectly familiar with, one verse from Lowell's "Present Crisis," to illustrate the

eternal principle that all of us must recognize and stand for if we wish to help the world : —

“By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever, with the cross that turns not back.
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath
burned
Since the first man stood, God-conquered, with his face to heaven up-
turned.”

From the very beginning of human history until this century in which we live it has been true over the main part of the world that the men who have been willing to see and to speak for some new, high, grand ideal of human life have had to pay for it by persecution, and frequently with life itself. Here in this country we have left that behind ; but it is only a few years since men were arrested and imprisoned, even here in Boston, for their opinions. And, though we are not arrested and imprisoned, those who wish to stand for the great reforms of the world, no matter in what department of human life, must be willing to pay the price. In another one of Lowell's letters, which I was reading yesterday, I came across this kind of price which he was paying. He started in life poor, he married with very little to marry on ; and for the first few years of his married life he was always in debt for necessary expenses, hoping continually that his income would increase. And he writes to one of his friends, and says, I might have had money enough if I had been willing to write “hymns to Baal instead of to the one God.” In other words, if he had been willing to take the popular side at that time instead of committing himself to the great movement of reform, he might have had a large market for his wares, and obtained almost any price for his services. You must pay this ; but there are harder things than money

to pay. If you wish to stand, even to-day, for some unpopular reform, some new movement which the mass of the people does not believe in, you must pay by being misunderstood, by being misrepresented, by being thought a little weak or warped or one-sided. One of the Harvard professors said to me a year or two ago, "Savage, suppose you and I should come to believe in this [a certain thing which we were studying] it would only be a couple more cranks." You must pay that danger: you must pay the price of being misunderstood by those who stand nearest to you, frequently those that you have trusted as your personal friends, the members of your own household. Not long ago I had occasion to refer here to one of my ministerial friends, who is carrying a lifelong sorrow for his faithfulness to his convictions, because of the heart-break of a mother who thinks he is untrue to God and to his fellow-men, and is injuring his own soul and the soul of everybody with whom he comes in contact. You must pay the price of being willing to walk your way in life alone. Let me read you two or three verses as illustrating that point, which seems to me one of the saddest things in all the world:—

'Twas ever so, that he who dared
 To sail upon a sea unknown
Must go upon a voyage unshared,
 And brave its perils all alone.

He who from Palos toward the West
 Sought for a new world o'er the sea
Sailed forth distrusted and unblest,
 While e'en his ship hatched mutiny.

And he who, not content to sit
 And dream of far-off shores of truth,
Watching the sea-bird fancies fit
 And wavelets creep, through all his youth,

Must sail unblest of those behind,
And bear e'en love's reproaching tone.
Only the guiding God is kind
To him who dares to sail alone.

I wish now, at the close, to make a few suggestions concerning what is possible and practical generally in the way of reform. If we look deeply into the matter, we shall find we are not able to do much. If we look deeply into the matter, we shall feel obliged to do this little. For the world grows by little increments of the better, year after year, and age after age. If you wish to work a reform, do not be afraid to go out. Almost never in the history of the world has any great reform been wrought by those who were inside. Political parties, industrial organizations, institutions of every kind, have so much at stake in keeping things as they are that you must not expect them to reform their own abuses. Generally, it is the Pilgrim, who leaves the old church and goes out and organizes a new, which stands as a challenge and protest and ideal, to compel the old to conform to it, to come up to the new and higher position,—it is these men that work out the reforms of mankind.

There is another thing : you must remember how it is that the world grows. I think one of the most discouraging things is what I alluded to a little while ago,—that people get the idea into their heads that, if they can only carry a particular thing they are engaged in, all will be well. They carry it, and they find all is not well ; and they lose heart. They have expected too much. They have expected more than it is reasonable to expect. You cannot take any one side of human nature, and carry that on to perfection alone. For example, I do not believe that you can abolish, say, intemperance,—abolish it completely,—and leave humanity just where it was before in regard to everything else. You can-

not abolish impurity all at once, and leave humanity where it was in regard to everything else. You cannot abolish lying all at once, as a distinct and definite crusade, leaving the rest of human nature just where it was before. Humanity goes on together ; and particular reforms are best attained by the general improvement of mankind. We think, for example, that we have abolished slavery. Have we ? We can abolish an institution that depends on a statute law by abolishing the law ; but how much have we done then ? Have we carried the matter very far when we have enacted or changed a law ? The evil of slavery was not in a constitutional enactment that permitted it. The evil of slavery is in the ignorance, the degradation, moral and physical, of a great race. It is in the temper and spirit and character and method of life of the owners of the slaves. Slavery is something more than a legal thing. It is the characteristic and the danger of a great civilization. And the evils of slavery will exist in this country still for a hundred years, five hundred, perchance. No one can foresee when we shall have outgrown them. Do not think, then, that you have accomplished a reform when you have passed a law or when you have abolished a law. And do not, I say again, delude yourselves with the idea that you can perfect human nature in some one department, leaving the rest where it was.

What shall we do, then, to help on the world's reforms ? Each one of us can see, as clearly as possible, the evils that exist. Each one of us can stand, and be true and loyal and faithful, living out the ideal where we are, putting just as much of the human into our shop, into our office, into the relations that we sustain to our fellow-men, as possible. We are serving the world, the growth of mankind, the reforms of the world, best of all by living the true, manly, honest, ideal life right where we are. Then, if you see any particular

thing this way or that, any condition you can correct or improve, help it on, by all means. But remember that humanity's reforms are best wrought out by the growth of humanity, that naturally sloughs off these partial conditions, and leaves them behind.

I hope the day will come when we shall get over these delusions as to infallibilities, when we shall throw off this sluggish inertia, when we shall become unselfish enough not to fight for a social and industrial and political and religious condition merely because it serves us, when we shall recognize the welfare of the world, and shall be willing that the world should grow steadily, little by little, year by year, century by century. We may get over the revolutions and technical reforms when we reach that condition of affairs. But now the stream of the world's life is like a river. It appears to be for the interest of this institution or that class of people to dam the river and stop it where it is; and they succeed for a time. But the waters rise, and by and by things break down, barriers give way, shores are flooded, crops destroyed, trees uprooted, homes swept away, by the flood; and we begin over again. Conditions are a little better, and we have a finer state of affairs for a time; but the process of staying the flood is undertaken once more, and so it is a series of devastations. If we ever get wise enough to recognize God's order of steady growth, then the peace of the world shall flow like a river; and the growing beauty and plenty of the world shall adorn its banks, and be reflected in its peaceful waters.

A MAN READING.

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—PROV. xxiii. 7.

I do not feel at all sure that the meaning which this text suggests to me, and which I propose to place in the fore-front of my discourse this morning, is the exact meaning which the author of this old proverb had in mind. And yet I think it must have been. It expresses in the most admirable way that combination, or union, of feeling and thought, or intelligence, which constitutes wisdom, if it be rightly directed, and which determines the character of the person feeling and thinking, either for bad or for good. The profoundest thing in man, the deepest thing, is feeling; and, if you will stop to think of it a moment, that which distinguishes the non-living from the living is primarily and chiefly sensation,—the ability to feel. The most important thing, then, in a man is feeling. But next to that, and of scarcely less importance, is intelligence, or thought. A man had better, indeed, be governed by good feeling than to be led by clear thought, if his feeling be not good. And yet you will see, by the most superficial examination, that feeling alone, however good, however noble, however lofty it may be, may be the means of no end of evil. For feeling is simply force: it is power, it is motion. But, unless feeling be intelligently directed, unless the force be intelligently guided, the movement that results may as easily be in the wrong direction as in the right; and it produces more harm

than good. Indeed, a little study of the course of human history reveals the fact that it is feeling not intelligently guided which has been the cause of the cruelties, the persecutions and tragedies of all the past.

What we need, then, for a complete man is that there should be strong and tender and right feeling, intelligently controlled and guided; and this makes up the ideal man. We are to consider, then, this morning this matter of the practical use of our intelligence as the guide and inspiration and comfort of our lives.

The complete man of course will manifest himself in all the natural directions that are indicated by the multiplicity of his faculties and powers. A complete home will have the kitchen wisely arranged and ordered. There will be the sitting-room, the family home and place of rest. There will be the parlor, the emblem and scene of hospitality, the relations in which you stand to your fellow-men. There will be the oratory, the place for the devotional and aspirational side of your life. There will be wide-opened windows in the upper stories, giving an outlook all over the world. There will be also the library, in which the man will use this intelligence which distinguishes him so above all the other creatures that live, in order that he may find out the answer to the thousand practical questions on the decision of which depends the course of his life. As we step, then, into this world-library in which are all the resources inherited from all the past, let us stop a moment near its threshold, pick up and open the first book that comes to hand, and pause long enough to note the infinite marvel of this fact that we can read.

We talk of this world's being a commonplace world. We talk, perhaps, of fairylands in the realms of the fancy, and wonders of the "Arabian Nights." We talk of the poetry of

the antique world. A man like Wordsworth sings of the old time as full of mystery, though at the present we are living in the midst of "the light of common day." We talk of miracle as though that were wondrous. And yet I do not know of anything, in all the range of the world more wonderful and more mysterious, more utterly inexplicable, than this fact of a man reading. Consider for an instant: I pick up my book, and there on the page are certain marks, written or stamped, made of ink or any coloring material whatsoever,—certain arbitrary marks. I look, and that rapid glance is, in some way that no wise man is wise enough to explain, translated here in my mind into a thought; and straightway, where am I? I am with Homer, perhaps seeing the movement of those old heroes around the walls of Troy. I am in ancient Mexico, noting the cruel ceremonies with which they celebrated their worship of the sun-god. I am with Shakspere as he delineates the terrible tragedy of "Lear." I am in the hells, the purgatories, the heavens, of Dante. I am seeing the war in heaven that Milton depicts in his "Paradise Lost." I am tracing the pathway of human history, the long procession of kings that have defiled before the imagination of the historian as he resurrected the life of the past. All these wonder-worlds open to me merely by means of an arbitrary black line on a piece of white paper,—translated somehow into this wonder-world of thought as I sit, a man, reading.

I do not know of anything more mysterious than all this. Say, is it not true, what I have said to you a thousand times, that, if you live in a commonplace world, it is because you yourselves are commonplace? If you live in a world without poetry, it is because you yourselves have grown dull of hearing and dim of eye, and do not see the glory nor listen for the music. All that the past has thought, all that the world

has done, is at our feet, ready for us, through this marvellous magic expressed in the simple fact of a man reading.

Now, what shall a man read, and why? I think a man ought to read, if for nothing else, merely for the sake of assuming his voluntary control over that which makes him a man. Have you time to read? This point I have discussed with you in the past more than once. The busiest man, if he be in health and have eyes, has time to read. We all of us know that we have time for the things that we really love, that we really desire. We either have time or we make time for the things that we will do.

For what, then, should a man read? In the first place, a man should read for the sake of general information. Gail Hamilton said some years ago, wittily and wisely, too, though it appears superficial, that, if a man could not be well-read he could at least be well smattered, and that that was the next best thing. Some one else has said that every man ought to know all about some one thing, and a little about everything. Of course, it is apparent to the most superficial thought that in this busy, modern world, where so much is to be thought of and so much is to be done, we cannot even know all of any one thing. If any man claims to know all about any one thing, you may feel pretty sure that that claim is unfounded,—that he is either mistaken or a conscious impostor. It is impossible for any man to know all about any one thing. But we should know as much as possible about some one thing,—that which we chiefly care for, that which we live for. And, then, we need to read in order that we may have a general knowledge of whatever is going on in the world. And this does not take very much time. Just conceive for a moment the wonder of this modern world in which we live: on your breakfast table is placed, for two cents, a brief *r  sum  * of all that happened in the world yesterday, and

perhaps up to twelve o'clock last night. All that happened, I say,—all that was special, all that was striking, all that was out of the ordinary, all that would particularly attract the attention of those whose business it is to gather the news. And here note, just in a phrase in passing, what I have also had occasion to tell you a great many times, but which we need to remember for the sake of keeping heart and hope in us. Remember that the accidents, and the crimes and the unusual and striking things *are* unusual and striking, and not common; that crime is not common, that insanity is not common, that evil of any kind is not common, in this sense that it becomes news. So, when we see the account of something that startles us and seems to indicate that the world is all wrong, let us take heart and hope rather because it is thus singled out for mention as news. If it were common, it it would not be news.

We need, then, to read for general information. But here let me say, friends, concerning this matter of the time you have for these things, that most men who think they have no time for reading waste more time than would be required to become fair scholars over the daily newspapers. I read the daily papers; but I can tell in three minutes, and so can any ordinarily intelligent man, whether there is anything in the morning paper that requires more than a passing glance. Generally, there is not. But the paper is worth to me all that I pay for it several times over, merely to tell me that there is nothing of importance that I need to spend my time on. Read your paper, then, glance over it, find out what has happened in China or in Japan or in Hawaii or in Washington or wherever; and then put it one side, and have ever within your reach, if you have a few extra moments, something that is worthy your attention.

I speak in no slurring way of the newspapers. I do not be-

lieve there is a man that values them more highly. And the newspapers are generally as good as people want them to be. I should like to say just here that you have in your own hands the matter of determining as to whether the newspapers shall continually grow better or worse. The publisher of a newspaper is engaged in a business enterprise, not in a philanthropic affair. If you want an ideal newspaper, it must be subsidized. There must be a fund for its support, so that it can afford to publish the finest and best thing, whether the papers sell or not. I had a conversation some years ago with one of the leading and most successful editors in this State, now out of the editorial chair. He said: "I should be glad to publish finer and better things than I do, but my paper would not sell. If I should publish a new essay by Emerson that should be discovered, I should sell five hundred extra copies. I publish an account of some recent athletic contest, and I sell twenty-five thousand extra copies." It is you yourselves, then, that can lift the level of the newspaper, and make it a nobler and finer thing than it is.

But, when you have read in this cursory way to keep yourselves familiar with what is going on in the world, then a step beyond that. And here, friends, I come to something that I regard as a fact of the very highest importance. I have had occasion to tell you more than once that most people have prejudices, most people have notions, most people have what they call opinions; but few people have what they have a right to call by the name of convictions. And yet consider what kind of world this is in which we have found ourselves as actors. We can read, from the far-off beginning thousands and thousands of years ago, by what slow and tentative steps humanity has climbed up to this present position. And the best part of our hope lies in the fact that we are as yet at the beginning,—that the things we call evil are to

be outgrown and left behind. How are they to be outgrown and left behind? How have the evils that have been outgrown been left behind? It has been as the result of intelligent reading, intelligent study, intelligent thought, on the part of men of feeling and power. It has been because people have seen that every question, as it presents itself to the world, is a two-sided question,—that one side of it means the past, reaction, a lower thought, and that the other side means the future, progress, higher thought, a better condition for men.

Now take it, for example, concerning the industrial condition of the world, questions of sociology and government, questions of law, questions of religion. How many men are there in this congregation to-day, how many women, who are where they are as the result of earnest thinking that has persuaded them that they ought to be where they are? How many of you, if suddenly called upon in your political views, in your industrial opinions, in your religious ideas, could really, in the words of the apostle, "give a reason for the hope that is in you,"—give an intelligent reason for the position you occupy? I trust there is a large number of those that I address who could stand this test; but take it in the city of Boston, the State of Massachusetts,—how many persons are there? I believe that every man ought to face this question, with this thought in mind. In religion, for example, one set of ideas means a forward movement and an upward lift for mankind: the other means reaction, simply a remnant of the past not yet outgrown. Now, which one of these means the higher hope and the better future for the race? This is to be discovered by thought, by reading, by making yourselves familiar with the principles involved, with the past condition of man out of which the present condition of things has sprung. I think there is something grievously

wrong here even with our Unitarian men and women. For every little while some one, who ought to have been trained in the modern thought of the world, merely as a matter of whim or fancy—because he has been pleased by a ritual, or because he has happened to be attracted by a man, or because he has been impressed by a bit of architecture, because he has fallen under the spell of what he thinks of as antiquity—goes back, commits himself to that which represents the past, and not the present and future of the world, showing that he has not been trained in his Unitarian home to have any convictions or to understand the reason for the position which he ought to occupy. These things mean more than matters of taste. I have no right to be influenced merely by a matter of taste, when a matter of principle, a matter of freedom and hope for man, is involved. And these questions, though we now have happily outgrown the era of persecution and suffering and death,—these questions involve the liberty that has been wrought out in the midst of fire and tears and anguish and death.

We ought, then, to read and study these matters until we know where we are, and why. And so take the question of the industrial condition of the world,—the great battle that we have got to face very soon, the battle between some form of socialism and the order of the past. I am saying nothing—for it is too large a subject even to enter upon—as to where the merits of this controversy will lie. I only indicate to you that we are on the threshold of a controversy that we cannot escape. Principles are involved, the future happiness and welfare of the world are at stake. It is our business, then, not to be dragged at the wheels of one movement or the other merely as dead lumber: it is our business not to be swept this way or that merely by passionate feeling and prejudice. It is our business to understand and to take

sides for God and man. And we can do this only through thought, through reading, through study.

To carry this matter a little farther, the world is perpetually making mistakes, blundering in dealing with the greatest problems of life, merely for lack of knowing the history of the past. They are perpetually trying over experiments that have been tried a thousand times and proved to be impracticable, merely because they do not know that they have been tried. Congresses and legislatures are perpetually attempting things that cannot be done, merely because they do not know that they cannot be done, which they might know by reading, by studying the attempts of mankind in the past.

We need, then, to read for the sake of placing ourselves in relation to the past efforts of man in the matter of civilization, knowing where we are and which direction we are to take, in order to be sure that we are in the forward movement, and not merely wandering aimlessly about or travelling towards the rear.

Then, I think, business men ought to read for the sake of getting into the ideal side of their business. Note the principle I have in mind right here. The difference between the artisan and the artist is that the artisan is engaged in mere drudgery, a round of toil, so much labor and sweat for so much bread; while the artist minglest thought with his labor, so lifts it out of the region of drudgery and makes it a delight. The difference between the drudgery in your business and the artist's delight in that business is merely the difference of knowing and appreciating and entering into the ideal side of your labor. Take a lawyer, for example, or a physician, or a banker, or a merchant: each one of these professions or businesses has a history, and that history is full of romance, and by comprehending that history

one sees that it has been something more than a mere effort of a man engaged in this department of activity to earn a few dollars with which he may feed the hunger of his body. This particular business has been a part of the world's attempt to civilize itself; and the moment you enter into this realm of thought, the ideal side of your business, and see the relations which they sustain to the welfare of mankind, that moment you are not merely a lawyer grubbing over a particular case, or a banker trying to get such and such a per cent., or a merchant merely selling so many yards of cloth or so many pounds of coffee,—you are a part of the civilizing effort of mankind. You are in a world of romance and beauty and wonder; and you are lifted out of the mere drudgery of your profession, and become a part of the larger, pulsing life of mankind.

There is another reason for reading; and this one is merely for delight, merely for rest, merely for pleasure and for play. And this is not a matter of slight importance. Most of us are engaged in such ceaseless toil and activity that we need to let loose the mere play side of our being, in order that we may keep ourselves sane and healthy and strong. The late Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, one of the most famous scientific men of his time, was accustomed every night, before he went to bed, to read some mere story of adventure,—perhaps in the New York *Ledger*, no matter what,—anything that would merely release the mental activities from the strain of the day's toil and give him delight, recreation, rest,—let him down, so to speak, that his nerves might lose their tension, and he be able to sleep. I feel the greatest gratitude for hundreds of writers of stories that are mere stories with no moral in them whatsoever. I want no moral in a book when I am reading it for that purpose: I want merely to

rest and play. I prefer to take my morals by themselves. Let me have my story simply for a story, simply as a part of this ideal, imaginative world in which I love so many times to escape from the real. I must not stop to dwell longer on that, because there are other things which I wish to say of more practical importance.

One other grand reason for reading is that we should learn to become citizens of the world's thought. This world in which we are living to-day is a comparatively narrow world, full of remarkable things as it is. Try to conceive, if you can,—try to conceive every book in the whole world blotted out of existence, all the monuments and records of the past wiped away. What a small, narrow, petty little world this would be! For the most of us, those of us who have read only a little, are inhabitants not merely of Boston, not merely of Massachusetts, not merely of the United States territorially considered, not merely of this planet with what it at present contains. We are inhabitants of a hundred worlds of beauty and glory that we have entered through the reading of a book. You have read Walter Scott's stories, for example; and so you live in mediæval Scotland, you are at home on the heather and by the lakes, you are present at the contests of the old mediæval warriors, you tread unchallenged the halls of the old castles, are present at the feasts, and listen to the stories of the wandering minstrels. And so you are at home in this thought-world that you have entered merely by reading a book in your library. It is this higher world that is the eternal thing, and in which we deal with the things that are eternal. Shakspere, for example, has created a world more lasting than this planet, in its special features, on which we live. The courses of rivers change, the mountains are worn away, the features of a continent may become renewed. But the world that Shakspere has

created remains forever, age after age, the same ; and, if we will, we may enter into that world, be taken into the private confidence of these noblest of all time. Here is society ! I suppose it is true that, if all these great men of the past were living, most of us would not be able to attain a personal acquaintance with them. Our lives are too full, too busy. Perhaps, if we should meet them, there would be something in their personal contact that would repel us, or, at any rate, they might not be drawn to us if we were to them. But now all this marvellous society of the great and the good is freely open to us. We may live with Virgil in ancient Rome, we may trace with him the wanderings of Æneas from the burning of Troy to the founding of the Eternal City. We may wander hand in hand with the poets, as they whisper to us their most secret thoughts : they will tell us their most private emotions, they will lay their hearts and lives bare for our inspection. We may hear the songs of the great singers. All the past of the world is wide open for our entrance, for our enjoyment, for our inspection. And it seems to me that merely for the sake of being men, entering on the inheritance of our manhood, we ought to feel an unrest until we have made ourselves explorers of these wonder-lands. We travel in the modern world whenever we have an opportunity : we love to visit Japan or China or Europe and the islands of the sea. Perhaps we are not able, except now and then, to get a glimpse of these things. But a few pence — a little money that we squander in a thousand directions — will give us these great worlds for our home.

There is one other reason for reading ; and this must be my last this morning. Read for the sake of soul-culture, read for the sake of inspiration, for the sake of moral and spiritual uplifting. If we could have walked the fields of Galilee by the side of Jesus, what toil, what effort, we would

have been willing to go through for the sake of this attainment! And yet we can walk the fields of Galilee by the side of Jesus. He will tell us his finest sayings, we may feel the inspiration that comes from the touch of his hand or the gleam of his eye, we may feel deep down in our souls the challenge of his finer manhood, the inspiration of his companionship. I think we ought to make ourselves at home with the few great masters and teachers of the world's moral and spiritual life. Take Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, the sayings of Jesus, the principal sayings of Gautama, of Confucius, of the great sages, seers, inspirers, of the world. You know there is nothing that so thrills and lifts a man as the touch of human greatness. There is something about this personal contact with a nobler character which thrills us through, and lifts us until we grow into nobler and higher and grander things than we have before realized. And, if we keep the company of men like these until we are saturated with their thought, until their highest and finest ideas have become the standards of our lives, until we look through their eyes and gain glimpses of the higher and finer things that the world has not yet attained, we shall find ourselves gradually wrought over into the likeness of these men. This is pure and simple nature and common sense. The artist who wishes to become great in his profession puts himself into the presence and under the shadow of a master, of one who is great in his profession. By becoming his disciple, he does not enter upon a pledge that he will not exceed him, become greater than he. He is not a slave to his ideas: he does not take it as a bondage. There are a great many of us Unitarians, I think, who are over-afraid of the teaching and influence of Jesus, lest we shall be thought to neglect other teachers. But, when I become a disciple of the Nazarene, it is not

that I take his ideas as authority, that I am his slave. I take him as a master merely as an artist might Raphael, recognizing that which is supreme, high, great. I love to sit under the shadow of his presence, to feel the power of his life, to be touched and thrilled by the nobility of his soul, and so lifted up into the likeness of the divine.

Let us, then, friends, use these lights of the mind that God has given us, so that we may discover the way, the foot-steps, of the Father, and cast our influence in the direction which shall mean the forward movement of the race. Let us not simply feel, but let us guide, direct that feeling, that it may become a power of inspiration and impulse to lift up and lead forward the world.

A MAN AT PLAY.

WE are to consider the play side of life and its relation to the serious occupations and the higher side of the nature of a man. What do we mean by play? What is the difference between playing and working? For we notice, as we look over the world, that those things which seem to be play to one person are work to another. Wherein lies the distinction? Just what shall we mean when we are speaking of play?

Work, I take it, is any occupation in which we are employed which we do not like for its own sake, but which we are engaged in for the sake of attaining some end beyond itself. Play may be just as arduous an occupation, may call for just as much effort; but it is such a use of our faculties as we take delight in, as we engage in for its own sake, for the joy, the pleasure, that comes in the mere activity. You are aware of the fact that in almost every nation of the world work has been regarded as a curse. There are among most peoples some sort of traditions that attempt to account for the fact that people have to labor. It is not something that the world has taken kindly to. In the ideal condition of men, which is pictured in the past, there is never any drudgery. There are occupations, indeed; but they are occupations in which people take delight. It is a little curious to note that, on the part of the religious world,—that is, the popular religion of England and of this country,—while

work is looked upon as a duty in this life, and play or amusement is treated as something that has about it a possible touch of evil, yet a condition of things is pictured for the blessed after this life that shall be all play,—play lasting forever and forever. Work, then, is not something that human nature takes kindly to; and I believe that the instinct which regards work as a curse is true to this extent: that drudgery, that work which grinds, which wears, which leaves us drained, is a curse; and I look forward to the time, even here on this planet, when this kind of work shall be largely left behind. It is possible to so control the natural forces of the world as to create a condition of things in which the drudgery side of life shall be reduced to a minimum, and shall practically have passed away. I do not mean by this that there shall be no necessity left for effort, for struggle, for the overcoming of obstacles, for the attainment of things not easy to reach. For work, in this sense, it is only a commonplace to say, is not a curse, but the divinest gift ever presented to man; for it is out of this effort, out of this thought, that the problems of life are solved, out of this ability to surmount obstacles, out of this power to take the raw materials of the universe, and to re-create them into higher and finer things, that comes the development of man from animal to God. Only one aspect of work, then, is a curse: the other side of it is divine.

It may be interesting merely to note, in passing, that it is generally true that the playing of the world is only an imitation of the serious activities of the world. If you notice the sports and games of children, you will find that most of them are imitations of the serious occupations of their elders. Boys play over hunting and fighting, and the little girl as naturally plays mother and housekeeper as she breathes. So you will find that the plays of the grown-up world have been

very largely representations of such activities as have been the serious occupations of the world at some period of its history. That only by the way.

We now need to note that you can judge the stage of culture that a people has reached by a careful study of its amusements, of those things in which it takes delight. You may not, indeed, bring a serious indictment against a whole people or against a whole civilization, on account of that which is the natural amusement of the mass of the people. In any period of the world's history you will always find some who intellectually, morally, spiritually, are away above the average taste of the mass of the people. But, to illustrate what I mean, examine the condition of some savage tribe, and see what kind of story is told as to their intellectual and moral condition in finding that they took the keenest delight in torture. They capture an enemy; and all their ingenuity is called into play to devise some method of getting out of his physical and nervous frame as much suffering as possible for their entertainment, prolonging it as much as possible, and then crowning it by the act of death, when the physical condition can endure no longer. This represents, we will say, the lowest stage of barbarism which it is easy for us to conceive. To judge by this standard, there is an element of brutality and barbarism in many a nation that likes to call itself civilized. We need not go back to picture the condition of things in ancient Rome, when gladiatorial combats were the most popular amusements that could be furnished to the people. Take the Christian countries of Europe as represented at any rate by what was the highest Christian standard up to within the last few hundred years. Take it as represented in modern Spain. What has been there the popular amusement for hundreds of years? I do not mean to say that there have

been no people in Spain who have looked down upon and deprecated the amusements of the people; but it certainly does show a curious condition in the religious life of a people, and it helps us to see how a people can believe it is right to persecute in the name of God. It helps us to understand how a great nation can believe in the eternal tortures of hell to find that the amusement which lies closest to the popular heart is the bull-fight,—merely torture, brutality, and blood. And when you find the nobility interested in it, when you find the queen or the king patronizing it, when you find the priesthood present in large numbers at these entertainments, when you find tender and loving mothers there with their children on their knees, when you find that the portrait of the favorite *espada* of the year is in all the shop windows, as we here have the portrait of the leading *prima donna* of the season,—when you find the whole popular life, so to speak, centering in a thing like this, you feel that you have the key, not merely to the amusements of the nation, but to many another mystery in its life as well.

But shall America throw stones at Spain? Shall Boston bring too indiscriminate indictments against people who are interested in things like this? Only a little while ago we had an exhibition of popular taste here in Boston by which those that love Boston would not like to be judged. I should hate to think that the people three or four hundred years in the future should dig up from the ruins of Boston the traces of the popular taste in the way of amusements during the last two months, when the chief thing that engaged popular interest, so far as you could judge it by the leading newspapers of the city, was a prize-fight, when the people gathered in Newspaper Row in such masses during its progress as almost to make it impossible to pass along the streets, merely that they might trace by the bulletins the

condition of things, as to how near one of the combatants had reached the last possibility of walking or standing upon his feet. And when at last the victor in this noble game of brutality was declared, and had come North, to see him feted, dined, and wined by the representatives of what we are proud to call the leading educational institution, the grandest university in all the length and breadth of America, — this was a thing of which we can hardly be proud. This, I say, I should not like to have the people in future ages take as the standard taste of Boston.

If you analyze such an exhibition, it is not admiration for athletics that makes people take an interest in it. I believe in athletics. I believe in a certain amount of training in the direction of pugilism, if you will. I think that many a man, as he goes through this world, meets somebody in the form of a man whose conscience is located only in his ability to feel ; and he needs to be knocked down, as the very best religious service you can render him. I believe that this is possible. But the finest display of mere athletics will not account for the interest in this late prize-fight, in the disgrace of which, I think, Boston has shared.

But I must not dwell on this. I wish simply to indicate to you that not all play is noble, and that not all the brutal play of the world is behind us yet ; and, if you wish to help in lifting up the level of the world, in lifting up the level of the newspapers of the modern world, then disown this sort of thing, and make it pay for those newspapers which leave these things one side or print them, as did one of our Boston papers, in only a short, insignificant paragraph. Let me say for the honor and glory of that paper that it was the *Transcript*; and I felt a higher respect for it ever since.

And now to turn to a general treatment of the play side of the life of the average business man. Herbert Spencer,

when he was in this country, dwelt with great emphasis upon the fact that this American life of ours is a life of hurry and rush and restless activity, to the point of the disregard of our physical condition and our mental energy. This is a serious condition of affairs in this country. Do you know that diseases of the nervous system and the brain are enormously on the increase among our business men, and chiefly, I have no sort of question, as the result of this over-nervous stimulus that we put into the pursuit of the serious occupations of our lives. It is important, then, that we should recognize the play side of human life; and why?

I wish to give you two or three reasons for the necessity for play. In the first place, you need it, men and women need it, as a matter of physical health. We can endure only about so much of hard work; and this tense strain of the nervous system needs to be relaxed. Every musician knows that he can spoil a musical instrument by keeping its strings overdrawn and overtense, and that simply to relax them restores them again to their normal tone. As a matter of physical health, then, men ought to learn how to play.

Then as a matter of mental sanity. Physicians tell us that it is not an easy thing to draw the line between sane people and insane people. I consider that many a man who is outside the asylum is not entirely sane. Sanity, in the true, broad sense of that word, recognizes the relative importance of things,—recognizes the relations in which the different interests of life stand to each other. You know how easy it is for a man to become what we call a monomaniac. He may be perfectly sane in other directions; but he has thought and thought and thought about some one thing until he has exaggerated the importance of that out of all relation to other things. And we say, Here is the beginning of insanity. Now, you take a man who thinks that

the attainment of a certain amount of money is the most important thing in the world, who thinks about it and thinks about it and thinks about it, and gives his life to it, to the neglect of his family, to the neglect of the higher interests of his own nature, to the neglect of that kind of charity and missionary effort that recognizes the welfare of the world, to the neglect of spiritual culture, to the neglect of everything that is finely and highly human and manlike,—that is not being sane, though he may have so much company that those who are with him do not recognize it as insanity. Take a man such as I used to know intimately, who, in the last six or eight or ten years of his life, was haunted by the idea that he was going to die poor, though he was worth several hundreds of thousands of dollars, with everything well invested. Is a man like that sane? And what is the cause of this insanity? Nothing in the world but this tense mental strain over the attainment of this one particular thing. There are thousands of men who, in the eager pursuit, the hot and intense pursuit, of some one object of ambition, are ready to sacrifice happiness, ready to sacrifice health, ready to sacrifice their friends, their honor, their ability to help the world; and these men are not sane. They need to learn to play a little. They need to pause in their hot pursuit, and look around them, and see that there are other things and interests in the world, other sources of happiness, and so regain their poise.

Then it follows from this that men need to play for the sake of their work. A man can do best that work which he loves; and he can do that work best when he is physically sound and mentally sane. There are thousands of men in America who break down when they are half through, who carry with them from that time on a diseased condition that cripples them at every step. They do not accomplish

nearly so much work as they would have done if they had learned how to play. They do not do as good work; and they do not accomplish it with as much ease.

Then another point, one that is hard for New Englanders, the children of the Puritans, to learn: we need to play for the mere sake of play. Emerson says in one of his poems to that beautiful flower, the rhodora, that "Beauty is its own excuse for being." I believe that play is its own excuse for being, that it needs no apology, if there be not something of more serious importance or deserving and demanding our attention just at the time, if we be not neglecting some duty; that is, in other words, if we have earned the right to play. I do not believe that there is any good whatever in work for its own sake. There is no virtue in work for its own sake. When I hear a man say, with a little touch of pride, that he has not taken a vacation for ten years, I feel like telling him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, that it is nothing to boast of. If a man has not played any for years, it is a thing that he should cover up, it is a thing to keep out of sight. Play has its own excuse for being. I do not believe that the God of this universe stands over us, as the old Puritan ideal seemed to picture him, with a lash, driving us on ever to the accomplishment of some task that must be done. Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto; and I work." I would say as reverently, "My Father playeth hitherto; and I play." When I look in summer at the clouds drifting across the face of the blue; when I hear the birds sing all the morning; when I walk in the fields, and see the trout darting in the brook, and the brook itself rippling in music adown the hillside; when I stand or lie in the pine woods, and hear the music of the winds in their boughs; when I sit on the seashore, and watch the laughter of the million waves, the sunlight glinting upon them, and

hear them break in music at my feet; when I look over the whole face of creation, and see everywhere the color, the beauty, the joy,—I believe that we must reconstruct our ideas of God, so as to find room in his nature for play.

Lowell, on a certain occasion, breaks out, and says, “What a poet God is!” And there is a beautiful story of Tennyson when a friend was walking with him through the fields. They came to a pool; and the old man dropped on his knees, and looked down into it, and watched the creatures that were dancing and playing through it, examined the shapes of the overhanging ferns, watched the myriad forms of life that were round him, and then exclaimed, “What an imagination God has!”

So, when I see all the joy and beauty and play of the world, and see how in the midst of the on-goings—great activities of nature—there is no trace of effort, then it seems to me that the one thing in the divine nature that overtops all thought of labor and effort is the play side, the gladness side, of his being.

But not all play is good. I wish to note, then, some of the dangers that attach themselves to the amusement side of human life. It may be well enough in the orthodox heaven to have it all play. According to that conception of things, men were either finished for good or for bad when they died; and so, of course, there is nothing more to be done.

But in this world, in the midst of the conditions that surround us on every hand, for any man *merely* to play is for him to be faithless to the highest and noblest aspects of his manhood. Take the condition of the nobility of most of the countries in Europe, who perhaps appoint some agent to look after their estates while they flock to the capitals, and, taking their rents, live lives the year round of self-indulgence.

Take the increasing number of people in this country who, having become immensely wealthy, have no more interest in accumulating, and give themselves simply to play. I cannot understand how any man, who is a man, can live a life like this, no matter how many millions he may have earned or become possessed of or may have inherited. And yet this is the ideal of many a man about town. He simply gives himself to amusement, to his club and games and sports of all kinds, forgetting that there are ignorant people in the world, stumbling and falling for lack of knowledge; forgetting that there are poor people suffering from cold and from hunger; forgetting that there are criminals born to careers of crime, degraded, breathing the air of the slums; forgetting that there is this great cry of an unfinished creation ever rising from every part of the earth to the heaven which is its hope. A man who can simply play in a world like this is a thief, because he is taking out of the accumulated good of the world, and putting nothing back in its place. He is heartless and selfish and brutal and cruel.

But there is another evil about play; that is, you may not play all the time, and yet may play too much. You may play when in so doing you neglect something which should be done in some other direction. Let me hint what I mean. It is not necessary to have prolonged discussion upon it. I know men and I know women who have plenty of time for play, but who never have any time to do anything for another. No matter what work is calling them, they never have any time to help their fellow-men. They have plenty of time for anything they wish to do. I know people, men and women, who have money enough for their amusements, money enough to give a reception, money enough for a card party, money enough to buy presents or prizes for contestants, money enough for anything that ministers to their

amusements, who have never a dollar when some great need seeks for assistance. Here is another danger that attaches itself to the selfish indulgence in the things that people happen to like.

Then there are the plays that in their very nature hurt, the plays that belong to the lower side, the plays that drag us down, the plays which are not recreation, *re-creation*, but the plays which are dissipation, which leave us poorer, weaker, less manly, less womanly, leave us weary instead of recuperated. Every employer who has a large number of work-people knows the danger of holidays, when they are released from toil. Many a man saves up his wages in view of a debauch, a dissipation which he anticipates as a pleasure. There are a thousand ways in which play may be hurtful,—in cards, in billiards, in theatres, in hunting, in fishing, in many directions. What ought a man to do? None of these things are wrong; but they can be used in such a way that we are the worse for indulgence. They can be used in such a way that we are lifted up and broadened and strengthened, and made finer and better thereby.

Let us, then, feel that, as we go into these things, we are going because we love them, because we find amusement in them, because we want rest and recreation; but let us remember the distinction that is drawn right here. Every one of these things can be used to hurt us, and to hurt other people. Every one can be used to help us, and to help other people.

I am now to treat another side of the subject, and one that seems to me to point toward the future of amusements more and more for intelligent and high-minded people. We are engaged in our regular occupations: we are compelled to work, and to work hard. This is well. But, if we will only learn to be interested in something outside of our regular

work, something (you may call it a hobby, if you will) interesting, something that shall call into activity the higher side of our nature, it will at the same time release us from the drudgery of toil, and rest that part of us which is engaged in earning money and in supplying the necessary wants of our lives.

As an illustration, let me mention some people that I have in mind. There are some men who work so hard that, when they play, it must be pure play. Take Herbert Spencer, who has been in poor health nearly all his life. He has laid out for himself a task which probably he will never live to finish. The one play of his life has been billiards. He is exceedingly fond of the game, and finds in it just the mental and physical recreation that he needs. He cannot go into an intellectual game for play; for he needs all the power of his brain in the accomplishment of the task that he has laid out for himself for the benefit of the world. As an illustration of the overdoing of these things, let me relate an anecdote of Herbert Spencer and his game. He was once playing a game with a young man who played wonderfully well. When he was through, Mr. Spencer gently suggested to him that he was probably playing too much. He said, Any young man of your age who has any serious work to do in the world must have given more time to the game than he ought to have, to be able to play so well as you do. Here is a principle that must run into all our amusements. If we give too much time to them, they become an evil.

Mr. Lowell found his play in walks, in a love for every form and phase of nature and of natural life, and also in a certain class of books. In reading his letters, as I have been doing lately, I find that time and time again, when he was weary, he refreshed himself by reading the Spanish poet Calderon. I find him getting comfort and rest

in this way. There is many an English statesman whose life has been given to hard and wearing discussion, who has kept up his work only by change of thought,—by reading Horace or some other book from which he has come back refreshed to his task. George Sand, when she was blue and troubled or out of condition, went for mental and spiritual relief to the books of Dumas. So you will find that many a man has some one book or study in which he finds new strength for the work of to-morrow.

I have a friend engaged in a hard profession whose "hobby" is entomology. This hints what I have in mind. He has made a large collection in this way; and he has found it not only a field for the play side of his life, but a means for self-culture. It has taken him out into wider fields of investigation and study. It has brought him into contact with people whom it has been a delight to know, so that he has found not only play, but culture and a wider social range and instruction in every direction.

Now, why cannot a business man take up something in this same way? It may be entomology, or geology, or political economy, or anthropology, or history, or a collection of works of art in some direction or other. I have in mind a friend who was travelling about in Europe several years in search of health. While there, he made a collection of pictures representing one department and epoch of painting; and he said afterwards that the finest pleasure of his life came to him when at last he discovered that he had learned enough to know a picture when he looked at it. Here is a field that leads us out into endless play, and to a kind of play which means self-culture, which means the broadening of the range of our life, which means bringing it into such relations with our fellow-men as that we may be of the finest and highest service to them.

I believe, as I have said, that the time will come when the drudgery side of life will be less than it is to-day; and the thing we need to eliminate drudgery from our business is to mix the business with our intellect. That suggests the sharp, keen reply of the painter Opie, when asked with what he mixed his colors,—“With brains, sir.” That was the secret of his success. The success of the business man in eliminating drudgery from his business is to mix more and more brains with his work, to understand its relations with the general civilization and welfare of the world, and so to come up into the higher range of the artist, and leave the artisan and drudge behind.

When we have mastered the forces of the world, and have learned to care not so much for accumulation as for the higher and finer things of life, when we have learned to turn ourselves away from the mere accumulation of money unto the civilization that money is capable of bringing to ourselves and to all mankind, when we have learned to care more for that which is the essence of life, and less for those things which are only the means toward living, then the work itself shall have become play; and we shall take delight in co-operating with God in bringing about the perfected condition of things.

A MAN IN CHURCH.

JESUS founded no church, he appointed no sacraments, he authorized no ritual, he formulated no creed. Indeed, he left no written word upon the subject in any way whatsoever. He was a new life, as other great men before him and since his day. He cast a spiritual word as seed into the field of the hearts of those who heard him ; and this seed, after the order of natural and divine laws, bore fruit and produced results which have lasted until to-day. And these results, I have no doubt, will increase and broaden until they touch and lift the life of mankind.

But, though Jesus founded no church, it was perfectly natural that there should be a church. After his death it was confidently and universally expected that he would appear again before a great while to finish his work, and establish the supernatural kingdom of God upon the earth. The Jews had become accustomed to their little local gatherings for religious purposes in the synagogues as well as to the more general gatherings for worship in the temple ; and it was natural that those who had come to believe that Jesus was the Messiah should meet on the day when they believed he had risen from the dead, so that the church took shape as naturally as a seed sprouts or a bud blossoms.

No one was leader by any supposed divine authority in these early churches. There was no formulated method at

first in regard to what they should do or as to what they should believe : it was only the natural coming together of loving disciples, men and women, to talk over his life, to keep in memory things he had said to them, to bring as many other people as possible to believe in them, and to wait for his coming. But when year by year went by, and the heavens remained the same, and there was no sound of a trumpet on high or the bursting through of legions of angels, they did not lose their faith in him, they did not lose their belief in the divine principles which he had taught : they simply came to the conclusion that they must have misunderstood, must have misinterpreted, him in some way ; and so they kept on believing that he would come in his own good time.

Now, in this condition of affairs you will see how very natural it was that written records should spring up, outlines of his life, fragments of his words ; and in this natural human way we have our Gospels. You will also see, as you put yourselves back by the power of imagination into these old-time conditions, how inevitable it was that a closer organization should take place. There appeared men who stood higher than their fellows in the matter of authority. These were the disciples or the apostles or some one else who had seen Jesus, who had heard him speak. They were naturally looked upon as leaders or as ones to speak with authority not possessed by others. Then there would be the next remove, those who had seen and talked with certain ones who had seen Jesus. Then, of course, men would arise who had some natural ability in the way of leadership, as always in any association some man comes to the front to whom others defer, whose words carry more than usual weight, and who has some natural ability in the way of control over other men. So in the most natural way in the world, after a long

course of years, the Catholic Church with all its hierarchy came into being as naturally as human governments grow, as naturally as any other despotism of the world has ever grown.

Now, the Catholic Church, of course, had the Bible,—the record, as they believed, of that early condition of affairs; but they had also, as they claimed, the living spirit, which spoke with the same authority as it did in the earlier time. They believed that it was important that certain ideas should be held. The creed, in other words, held a high place in the Catholic Church. But there was something that held a higher place: that was the order of the Church, its ritual, its ceremonial, its sacraments. The most important thing in the Catholic Church has always been that a man should be a member of it, should obey it, and should do the things that were appointed. Not so much inquisition has been made into the state of his mind, into precisely what he believed, so long as he was an obedient child of the Church. This, I say, grew up with perfect naturalness; and the Church itself became the one source of authority to those who accepted its teachings.

At the time of the Protestant Revolution there was the beginning of a great change; and the most important thing for us to notice is that it was the substitution of a book for the Church as the ultimate authority among Christians. The doctrines were not changed very much; but the Protestant Church was less formally organized, and less emphasis was laid upon the ceremonial, upon the sacraments, more emphasis came to be laid on a belief, upon the Bible, interpreted after the orthodox authority of the time. I wish you to notice—and that is the only thing that is of special importance so far—how natural a thing it was for the Catholic and Protestant churches to come into being and to be what

they were, although Jesus himself did not organize any church, did not appoint any sacraments, did not formulate any creed. Ages went by; and Jesus became further and further removed from human thought and human knowledge, the teachings of Jesus became of less importance, and beliefs about him came to the front, and were regarded as supreme.

But where are we to-day in this matter? We, who are here this morning, represent thousands and thousands of people in the civilized world who no longer believe in the authority of the Church or in the authority of the book. We no longer believe in the conception of the universe which was held when these two authorities came into being, we no longer believe that this race is lost, we no longer believe that the condition of our souls in the future life depends upon our obeying the Church or believing in the infallibility of the book. These things are gone for free, educated, earnest men and women. The Church came into existence to save men from the supposed results of the fall of man,—came into existence in the forms of which I have been speaking, to deliver men from punishment in another life, to save, to redeem. There are a great many people to-day who, having given up these conceptions of God and of man, wonder why we do not give up the Church, wonder if there is any room for the Church in our modern conception of things. I wish to show, if I can,—and it seems to me in one way a very simple and easy task,—that the Church does not depend for its existence upon any of the theories of Christendom which have been held or on any of the theories that are held concerning religion anywhere on the face of the earth. The Church is a divine and human necessity. It does not depend on an infallible body of people nor on an infallible book. I believe that the Church is to stand strong, and to become more instead of less in the future, because I

believe its only adequate universal and eternal foundation is the spiritual nature of man.

"God is Spirit," said Jesus; "and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Man, too, is spirit; and, as spirit answers to spirit, so there is that in humanity that calls ever for God. Man is animal; and there are a hundred animal hungers that appertain to his physical life. Man is an intellectual being; and he has intellectual hungers, wants, and desires. Man is an affectional being; and he loves, and he would be loved in return. But none of these things are so essential, are so at the very heart of humanity, as is the spiritual hunger that finds its expression in the religious life of man. Not only in Christendom do we find it, but all round the wide world. So soon as man climbs up out from the animal, so soon as he stands on his feet, so soon as he looks with a questioning eye to the stars, so soon is religion born. He has everywhere felt that this external universe was but the garment of some spiritual power; and the one great hunger of the ages, beside which all other forces and passions are comparatively weak, has been the hunger of man for God. Study the history of the world, the history of the lowest tribe that can to-day be discovered, the history of the highest and mightiest civilization of the past; see the temple pointing heavenward under every sky; see the art and literature, the ritual, the service of any kind; read the books that have been poured out of the longing heart of man; see the long lines of pilgrims marching through deserts and over mountains in search of some shrine where they believe they can hear the divine word spoken or get a glimpse of the divine glory. There is no hunger,—not even that of love, not even that of ambition, not even that of gold,—there is no hunger that has touched or characterized man for good or evil that is comparable for a

moment to this human hunger for God. It has been the cause of more wars, it has set up and cast down more thrones, it has had more to do with shaping human history, than any other desire the human heart is capable of. This spiritual nature of man is not only universal, not only eternal, but it is that which is highest and most characteristic in man; and on this impregnable and eternal foundation that can never crumble stands by natural right the Church.

Now, in the second place, when people care very much about anything, they naturally seek sympathy in that care. They seek somebody else that cares; and they naturally join forces in ever larger and larger aggregations for the accomplishment of that which they desire. This natural association which constitutes the bond that holds the Church together is the simplest and most universal in the world. It is precisely the same thing that we discover in a hundred other departments of human life. Men who believe in music associate together for the better expression and propagation of their ideas and theories. Those who love to study nature associate; and we have the great scientific organizations of the world. We have those who love art; and in every department of life and in business there are very few who stand alone. Even those who are carrying on business for themselves do not stand alone: they depend at every turn upon the sympathy and co-operation and help of somebody else; but most of the great businesses of the modern world are simply gigantic corporations or combinations of men engaged in common purposes for the sake of better carrying out their ideas. What more natural, then, than that those who believe in the spiritual life and who hunger for truth and God; those who wish, if they can, to find the secret of human life, deliverance from its evils, the place of the soul's peace,—what more natural, I say, than

that they should join hands with others, having the same feelings, the same hopes, the same aspirations? The moment that a half dozen or a hundred or five hundred people unite together for these common ends, then you have a church. Those people who do not believe in a church, or who are interested merely to break it down, accept the same principle of association, and organize a church for the purpose of doing anti-church work. The principle is so human and so natural that you cannot possibly escape it.

They organize also, not only for sympathy and to help each other, but they organize for the purpose of spreading around the world their faiths, their hopes, and the better life which they are persuaded will be the natural fruit of these. And so you find that those religions of the world which are alive, those churches that have any power in them, and that are likely to have any future in the world, are always mission churches. Inevitably they are so. What kind of a man can he be who is persuaded that he possesses knowledge that would be for the benefit of his fellow-men, and yet hides it in his own heart, and never speaks of the grand discovery to another? By as much as a man is a man, by as much as he professes to believe, by as much as he cares for the betterment of the world, by as much as he has any vital hope in him that the world can be better, by so much must he associate, call it church or not, in some organization that shall consecrate itself to the service of making the world nobler and better.

A church, then, is the most natural thing in the world. And there is one more reason for it,—a reason that takes us back into the consideration of the old idea about it for a moment, a reason which thousands seem to think that they have left behind, but which, I am persuaded, is as vital and important to it as it has ever been. The old church existed

to save man,—to save man from God's anger, to save him from hell. Is there any need corresponding to that existing to-day? Are there no hells from which people need to be delivered? I do not believe, as you well know, that God is angry with his children. We are his children; and, by as much as he has made us, by so much he will be tender and patient with us, however ignorant, however evil for the time. But the fundamental fact is here: we desire life, we desire happiness, peace, protection from the evils of human life. Do we get these because there is no burning hell in the next world? Do we get these simply because God is not angry with us? Look at the common sense of this view for a moment. A man goes to Harvard. There may be no one on his day of graduation to seize him and drag him off to torture if he has not kept up to a certain grade in his studies; but, because of that, is the need of study taken away from him? Will it make no difference on the day of his graduation whether he has devoted himself to his manly, moral, and spiritual culture or not? Will he be just as well off, when he gets out into the world, if he goes out ignorant and half-trained as if he came out with a mind stored with knowledge and every faculty cultured to its best? It seems to me it is a very shallow idea on the part of thousands of people who think it does not make any difference whether there is any church or not, if you abolish hell; that it does not make any difference whether they go to church or not, unless God is angry with us. Consider for a moment, friends. When we pass the line of the invisible into that other life in which I believe as thoroughly as in the present, we shall leave behind many of the things that constitute our lives to-day. We are going into a set of conditions where, unless our souls are cultured, we shall be stripped and lonely and poor. I believe that many of us will find hell enough

in the memory of wrong done here and of wasted lives, until, through God's help, we retrieve the blunders and errors of this, and have gone through suffering and culture into fitness for the kind of life that awaits us there. Just as much, then, as under the old theories, you need now and here the church devoted to the culture of the moral and the spiritual, the finest and highest, the eternal things, as a preparation for going in the midst of these spiritual and eternal things. We need it as much on the new theory as on the old.

Now, then, to pass to two or three other phases of my theme, let me say that, since the Church represents the highest and most important things in human life, he who would call himself a man must be interested in it, must take a part in it, must do his share, for the sake of his own soul, his God, and the sake of his fellow-men. I do not say that you must attend this church. I do not say that you must attend the Episcopal Church, the Congregational Church, the Catholic Church. I do not say that you must of necessity attend any organization that goes by that name. But I do say that he who will be a man, who appreciates what that word means and cares for what it stands, must, by every necessity of his manhood, do something to help on that for which the Church stands; that is, the moral, spiritual culture and lifting up of the world. There is too much in the present time—indeed, it has always been true—of one-sided religion, too much of being willing to take, and not being alert to give.

Let me say one thing right here. I am not, and never have been, a good beggar; and I shall never try to be. When anything is asked for the church, it is not begging. It is asking only that you pay a little back for what you have so abundantly received, and that, if you believe in it, you help spread the good it stands for all over the world. I re-

member a saying attributed—with what truth I do not know—to Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford. It is said that on a certain occasion he went to a man and asked him for money to help on some religious enterprise in which he was engaged; and the man, though wealthy and receiving in indirect ways a thousand benefits of religion, was not disposed to help. At last Dr. Bushnell turned on him, and said, "How much do you suppose real estate was worth in Sodom?" In that way he brought home to the man a certain side of the problem that had never met his attention before. A business man absorbs himself in his business, and cares for little else. If the church comes to him, and asks him for help for his fellow-men, he looks upon it as a beggar, and tosses it a crumb, as he would to any other beggar. And yet—consider for a moment—what would be the business condition of the world and the opportunity for the successful carrying on of business but for the moral and spiritual side of man? That is the basis on which a successful business rests, just as it is the foundation of the church itself. Where would your real estate be in Boston if every church should withdraw from the city its influence? Where would the lives of your families and your homes be but for the cultivation of that for which our organized religious work stands? A man, then, when he is asked to do something for religion, is asked to create a better atmosphere for his home, a better opportunity for the carrying on of his business,—he is asked to contribute something to the higher valuation of his own real estate. He is asked to make the city in which he lives, mentally, morally, and spiritually and in every way, a better place for himself as one of its citizens. Yet there are thousands of people to-day outside of the churches who are receiving benefit from the fact that the churches exist; but it never occurs to them that there is the slightest obligation on their part to lift their

finger for anything except that which they think touches their own indulgence or their own success.

This gives me an opportunity to say a word on another phase of the same subject. I suppose there are hundreds of people in the city of Boston who, if I stay here fifteen or twenty years more, will wish me to bury them. I judge so on the basis of my past experience. And they are not those who attend this church or have anything to do with it. They do not go to church anywhere. They probably do not pay five cents a year for the support of religion in Boston in any form. They think perhaps that they have outgrown the church, that there is church enough for them in the newspapers, in the magazines. Well and good; only, it seems to me, I would be consistent. You will not misunderstand me, as saying that I am not willing to render these services to those who are mourning over their dead. I have never refused to render such service in my whole life long. But I do say, in the light of this principle of give and take in religion, that, if I could get along without the church and the minister until I was dead, I would be buried without them, too. I would carry out my principle consistently from beginning to end. If I wished to receive even in the last hour the word of consolation and hope, as I was pushing off my boat into the mists of the unseen, I would try to help on the culture and condition of the world out of which the word of help and of hope is born.

One point more. I wish to speak for just a moment of the kind of church a man should belong to. And here is a principle of the utmost importance. I do not wish to be thought one who dwells on this matter too much; but I see, almost every day of my life, men who believe in the utmost freedom, and in the light and the truth and the forward movements of the day, who cast their influence, such as it

is, who give their money, such as they give at all, to churches in which in their hearts they do not believe. If you are a Catholic, be consistent: support and work for the Catholic Church. If you are orthodox, be consistent: stand by it, work for it, be true and faithful. But, if you are a believer in the free and wider life of the modern world, and the old conceptions of God and the universe and of man no longer appeal to your reason, then come out for God, for man, and stand where you belong, and help the future. I not only believe, but I know, if all the ministers and all the men in this country who are in substantial sympathy with the modern ideas around which we are organized were with us, we could sweep the land. I do not know what is to come of it, except that it seems to me specially sad and lamentable when men play with questions like this, and are persuaded simply by matters of interest,—when, for example, a minister comes to me, and tells me that he is in substantial sympathy with the ideas for which I stand, and then wonders whether there is an orthodox church somewhere in the world that will let him stand in its pulpit if he does not say too much. At any rate, I have lost all respect for him; and I have lost nearly the same amount of respect for the men who sit in pews, and welcome and applaud the doctrines in which they do not believe, or who welcome and applaud doctrines in which they do believe, but which ought not to be preached in that pulpit.

Find out that Church which represents the highest and best things you can think and feel, and then give yourself to it heart and soul. Consecrate yourself to it, not with the idea that you are conferring a favor upon it. People sometimes speak to me in a half-patronizing way because they have condescended to approve something that I have said in the newspapers, although I have never discovered

that they did anything about it. But they seem to think that they have conferred a favor upon me because they condescend to regard it as God's truth. I want no patronage and no compliments from these people. I want the men who believe in God and in humanity to be one with the great Church of the coming time, for the sake of God and man and their own souls.

A MAN ASCENDING.

"Now are we children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." — I JOHN iii. 2.

IN this closing sermon of the present series I wish to trace the lines and note some of the principles of human ascent. I am asked a great many times as to how the fact of deterioration and decay on the part of men and of nations is to be explained as consistent with the law of evolution. A great many people seem to think that, if there is anything in evolution, it means a necessary and eternal progress for everybody. Of course, those who have studied it with any care know that it means nothing of the kind. If there is a pathway up a mountain side, it is a path up not only, but it is equally a pathway down. If you find your feet upon a stairway, that does not necessarily mean that you are to climb to the top, you can go the other way to the bottom, if you will. So the law of the evolution of life is not inconsistent with the law of dissolution, decay and death. It is simply a question as to whether we shall discern the conditions of ascent, and conform to those conditions. But in a world as wide as this, with circumstances so varied, with people of all grades and kinds, it naturally follows, almost necessarily we might say, that somebody, some persons, some peoples, will comply with the conditions, and so will advance. No matter whether we see those conditions and intellectually and purposely select them, or whether we happen to comply

with them, in either case the result of progress will follow. But there can be no intelligent progress except as we purposely discern the laws of God, and obey them. Take it in the matter of physical health : if a man obeys the laws of his life simply by following his instincts and tastes, without any thinking about them, the result will be health and growth. But, if we are to be certain of these things, there must be careful study of those laws and conditions, and an intelligent, loyal obedience to them.

During some parts of the discourse which is to follow, you may think that I am a good ways off from the lines of an ordinary sermon, that I am dealing with very material instead of spiritual things. But before I am through you will note that these things bear upon the spiritual as necessary conditions thereto, and that we shall end with the spiritual laws.

I have had occasion to tell you more than once, perhaps, in the past that the general growth of the world may be figured as three or four great stages. For a long time, thousands and thousands of years, I do not know how long, the dominant power on this planet was chiefly physical. Muscle was king of the world, brute force was supreme. But out of the struggles and conflicts, even of those brute forces, there was necessarily, in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest, a development ever towards higher and finer animal forms.

Next after this came the era of mind, brain, thought, either as cunning or as the higher intelligence, not displacing muscle, but dominating it. Man has ever developed his mental capacity. Although the weakest of all the animals almost on the face of the earth, he was able to outwit—that is, to translate the word, to *outknow*—other animals, and so to become king of the world. I do not mean to say, and,

of course, you will not understand me as meaning to say, that one of these conditions lasts for a certain period of time, and then is entirely displaced by one of the others. I simply wish to indicate the steps of progress; for the lower step remains intact, when you have climbed upon the next one.

Beyond the physical then came the mental; and beyond the mental the world has gradually climbed through sympathy into conscience and into the recognition of right and wrong, and the conviction that the right, because it was right, ought to be king. And now after generations, in spite of all the evil that there is in the world, in spite of all the pessimistic wailing of the modern time the moral ideal is the mightiest force on the face of the earth. I believe, however, that another step is coming, that we can already see dim outlines of it, that we may already find some whose feet are placed upon it, so that their heads are up in the higher air.

I believe the next great era of human progress is to be called properly the spiritual, the recognition of the spiritual identity of man with God, the life in the spirit. When we have reached this, it will be something higher than a sense of ought and the law of duty. This, by and by, will be gradually outgrown and left behind; for that man is not the highest type of man who figures a certain course of conduct out, and says, "I ought to do it, and therefore I will!" That implies conflict between another tendency in his nature which would lead him the other way. The highest type of man is the one who loves the right, so that the sense of ought ceases to be necessary. If a man lives in God, in the spirit, in such a way that he instinctively chooses the good, he has risen out of the range of mere conscience, he has left that below and behind.

There are two lines — two parallel lines, perhaps, we may say — of human ascent. One traces man's gradual conquest

over his conditions: the other traces man's gradual conquest over himself. I do not mean that one of these courses is run, and then the other taken up and followed after that is complete. They are parallel lines; and the incidents and activities of the one constantly act and react on the other. And yet, for clearness of thought, it will be necessary to trace, at some little length, the external lines of ascent, and then to go on to the consideration of the growth of man in controlling his own nature.

Let us, then, begin in the far-off time, and note some of the principal steps that man has taken as he has climbed up into kingship of his conditions, as he has learned to control the forces of this external world.

In some respects, and without any word spoken against the achievements of modern men, the most important invention or discovery that man ever achieved was that of fire. I do not know, so far away was this discovery made, when it took place, nor the man who first hit on that magnificent achievement; but the first great step that the race took above and beyond the animal life of the world was this discovery of the use, the mastery, of fire. For this, note, and this alone, it is which has made man a citizen of the world. In origin and by nature, man is a tropical animal. If we trace his far-off home, we find it somewhere in the tropics. You will notice that it is still true of the other animals of the earth that they are confined to some local habitat, except in so far as they have come under the control of and have shared the conditions of the life of man. It is only in certain conditions that special races and tribes of animals can continue to exist; but man, although tropical in origin and tropical in nature, is at home anywhere through the mastery of fire. We talk about the conquering races of the world being those that live in the cooler climes. We forget that the

first and in some respects the mightiest civilizations of the world were in or near the tropics ; and we forget that other fact,—that all our lives, all our achievements, are wrought out in the midst of tropics, that we have created our own climate, and carry it with us wherever we please. Our homes, our offices, our stores, the places where we live and carry out our work are tropical climates still, made so by our mastery of the first great discovery of man,—fire.

Next to this discovery came another carrying the advance to a place of which we are very far from seeing the end yet. Man learned to use the metals, so that by smelting and fusing these he has been able to control the manufacture of weapons, of implements, of utensils of all sorts, so that they have given him the mastery of all human conditions. Without this first great discovery of fire, however, he would have been helpless in the presence of the metals. You cannot look in any direction without seeing some token of the mastery that this has given him over the conditions of his life.

Then by and by some one discovers the alphabet, through rude picture writings such as was discovered by Cortez in ancient Mexico, such as we know have been found among our North American Indians. The next step was the hieroglyphics, such as we find in Egypt ; and at last the alphabet was discovered as the result of the thought, the invention, the experience of man through thousands of years. Then for the first time man becomes conscious that he has a history because he can record his experiences. He becomes conscious of the fact that he is a being who can ascend, conscious of progress ; for by making a record of his yesterday he can compare it with his to-day, and can forecast something better for to-morrow. In the discovery of the alphabet, then, man first becomes conscious of the fact that he is capable of ascending.

The next step that we will note seems to be connected with barbarism rather than with progress; and yet, if we look a little closely into this, we shall see that it has proved to be one of God's mysteries in helping on the human race. I refer to the discovery of gunpowder, that force which was able to batter down the exclusive walls of old castles and old cities, and help to make flow together all peoples and all races.

Then came the discovery of printing,—I am not necessarily following the chronological order, but an ideal order of my own,—the discovery of movable type. And now for the first time we have the ability not only to multiply the literature, the song, the philosophy, the science, the art of the world, but the means for its indefinite diffusion, the power of making common property on the part of the race of all the finest, highest things that any of the noblest souls have thought, have felt, have dreamed. You see what a tremendous step in the development of the race is here.

Then came the mariner's compass. If you are at all familiar with the thoughts of antiquity, with the writers of the classical world, with Virgil, Horace, Homer, you will remember that the ocean is spoken of as a wild, impenetrable, untillable waste. You will recall the vision of John, or whoever he may have been, of Patmos. You will remember that in the ideal condition of humanity which he pictures as to come in the future, he says there is to be no more sea. And so in the ancient world it represented the barrier between peoples; but the mariner's compass made it the highway of nations, the means of communication and intercourse with every part of the world.

Then came the discovery of steam, and the multiplication indefinitely of man's ability not only to print thought, but to scatter it; to carry not only his ideas, but his productions and

inventions and all those things that help civilization until the whole world now flows together, and is one.

Then, with the application of the power of electricity, the telegraph, the telephone, and the increased means of transportation of things as well as of thoughts, we see how space is becoming of little account; and whatever belongs to one man or to one people is in the way of becoming the common property of all.

So man has gone on through the ages step by step up this pathway of ascent, gradually making wider and wider conquests until now chemists are beginning to think that we shall even find a way by and by for the manufacture of food; and there ought not, in any far distant future, to be poverty, hunger, or ignorance. They should be simply horrible nightmare visions of a long outgrown past. This is what it means to control conditions, the external conditions of life.

Let us now come to consider for a little that parallel line of ascent that I spoke of which consists in the progressive conquest of man over himself. I intimated that the next step beyond brute force was the power of mind,—mind as cunning, mind as intelligence. I need only point to the fact—and there are living illustrations of it in every nation of the world—that the increase of knowledge is not at all of necessity the increase of goodness or the increase of happiness. A man who knows he is wise, who is shrewd, who is keen, if he be at the same time only animal, only brute, only sensual, only selfish, is simply a mightier and more dangerous brute. That is all that intelligence can do if it be intelligence alone. And yet we need to note on the other hand, lest we seem to be slurring intelligence and making it of less importance than it really is, that, no matter how good people may be, how tender, how unselfish, how loving, unless they be also at the same time intelligent, the very

power of their love may work infinite mischief and disaster ; for in this universe of ours we want not only an impulse to move, but to move in the right way, and we need intelligence to tell us which is the right way. So after the development of intelligence there comes something else. We need to note that there is again, along with all this external mastery of the world, a tremendous advance and ascent of man's intellectual power ; for the solving of every new problem means new and higher thought on the part of him who solves it, so that there must have been a growth of brain, a growth of mind power, along with every step of man's material ascent. The two are necessarily connected with each other.

But the next great step that man needs to take after the development of brain is the development of love. And this, too, has gone along with the development of the world in the past ; for men have learned that they cannot get along alone. They have found the need of association, the husband with the wife, the father and mother with the child, the brother with the sister, and the sister with the brother, and so on through all conceivable human relationships which develop this tender sympathy, this power of love.

And, then, here and there, as promises of what shall be, we find those men who tower like mountains above their fellows, until their tops are touched with the finer sunlight of the spiritual life ; and we catch a meaning, catch a sense of that meaning that we find in the thought of man's kinship and fellowship with the divine. This as a hint in a broad outline way of that other line of advance.

I wish to deal now a little more personally and practically with some phases of this, as indicating the problem of human ascent which lies before us all to-day. Here we are dowered with all the heritage of the past, with the external conditions of the world more and more at our service ; for we need not

fear but human desire of wealth and power will lead ever to more and more complete conquest of these conditions. We need to turn inward upon ourselves, and to consider what steps of ascent are at our feet which we ought to take, in order to climb up into the heights of our manhood and womanhood. I wish to make three points, to point out three steps that lead upward before us.

1. In the first place, though a large amount of progress has been made in that direction, we need to climb up out of the selfish into the unselfish. We need to learn the meaning of the great word "love." We need to learn it in its practical applications. We need to learn that it is as real a thing, as touching our human welfare and happiness, as gold,—infinitely more real, because it has about it a touch of the eternal, and because, unlike gold, it is something within the range and reach of us all. I do not believe that God would construct a universe in such a fashion as that the best things are open only to the few. The best things are the common property of men. Any man, any woman, who can learn to see and feel what they are, can learn how to take them. In so far as we are selfish,—that is, in the evil sense of disregarding the rights, the happiness, the welfare, of other people and simply grasping for ourselves,—we are only on the plane of the brutes at our feet. You expect a beast to be selfish; for that is the highest thing that the most of them have attained. A beast is a bundle of physical appetites, and by the instinct of hunger is led to seek the gratification of the particular hunger or thirst which happens to be uppermost at the time; and it is not deterred generally by any power of sympathy or any touch of unselfishness from so pursuing its dominant desire. And yet some men and women might be ashamed of their extreme selfishness by noting that among horses, among dogs, among animals

and birds of many kinds, there has been developed this tenderness, this sympathy, towards their fellows that will lead often to the voluntary enduring of suffering and even the facing of death for the sake of another. A man is not a man by as much as he is dominated by the principle of selfishness. Only as he learns to treat every being, to treat every sensitive creature, on the face of the earth as another self, only as he learns to shrink from paining another, from defrauding another, from taking that which belongs to another, as he would shrink from the infliction of the same thing upon himself,—only as he attains that is he a man. He is a fraction of a man if he has made some slight progress in that direction. He is a whole man only when he reaches that high plane of thought and feeling and life.

There have been such men. Take the Jesus type of man, who made himself of no reputation, who did not seek for fame or money or power or social state or aggrandizement of any kind, who went about doing good, who lived for other people, and who had not where to lay his head. The Jesus type of man,—whether we obey him, try to copy him or not, we instinctively find our knees bending in his presence, with a thrill of admiration going out towards him; and there are plenty of such in the history of the world. We need not go back two thousand years. John Howard, Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix, William Lloyd Garrison,—the men and the women who keenly suffer pain when they know that an injustice is being done, although it may be on the other side of the world, who sympathize, feel with, their kind, who suffer when an animal is being tortured, the type of men who hate useless pain, who care only for the highest, sweetest happiness and life of the world,—they are such examples. We need to climb that step if we wish to ascend into our true manhood and womanhood.

2. And, then, we need to climb up from the externals of life to the higher level of the internal. Do you see what I mean? The most of the world depends for its happiness, or thinks it does, on external conditions. Most men, if they lose their money, feel as if they had lost everything. If they are obliged to move from a special street, if they are obliged to leave a certain round of society, they feel as if the whole world were gone. We live too largely in our external conditions. We depend too largely upon these things, and we cultivate too little the internal and the *eternal* life; for the two are the same.

Take a man like Emerson as an illustration of what I mean. You remember the story how, when a Second Adventist told him that the world was coming to an end, he calmly replied that that did not trouble him, for, if it did, he thought he could get along without it. Take a lesson from the life of a man like Thoreau, who went to work to deliberately prove that a high human life, with all that was best in it, could be lived in spite of all these external accessories. Take that as a hint; for I would not advise any one to follow Thoreau. It is not leaving these things: it is climbing above them and using them that we must learn.

As another indication of what I mean: I came across the other day, in an address of Mr. Lowell, an anecdote which I had heard, but did not feel certain of the truth of, concerning the late Samuel Appleton, whom many of you will remember. He was becoming wealthy very rapidly; and he had an experience which made him feel, not that he was getting too much money, but caring too much about it. There is the point; for a man who has not a cent can live just as poor and mean a life through love of money as the one who has millions. Mr. Appleton had a ship at sea which was uninsured. It was overdue by several days; and he began to be anxious

about it, and he found himself lying awake nights, worrying about it. And then with a shock he came, I think, to himself. At any rate, he came to this conclusion. He said, When I am so anxious about the money that is represented in one ship at sea that I cannot sleep and cannot be happy and am troubled about it in this way I am getting to care too much for it. And what did he do? He sat down and estimated the value of the ship and the amount of profit that he expected to make on the cargo, and, without knowing whether the ship would arrive in safety or not, he gave away the entire amount, simply to assert his supremacy over his money. And so he climbed up into the manhood that uses money, but does not lie awake nights on account of it. That is what I mean by learning to live, not in the externals of your life, but in the internals. For here, up in this realm of thinking and feeling, is where you will find *a man*, if you find him anywhere.

3. The next step of this ascent of man is from the material in any of its aspects to the spiritual. It is coming to recognize as a great practical, living reality that there is such a thing as a life in and with God. It is coming up out of the worry and turmoil of life into peace. I was reading the other day about Madame Guyon, the famous Frenchwoman. After years of turmoil and struggle, and of trying to find some place of rest, she met with a poor friar who told her what she found to be the way. He said, Madame, you have been trying to find God in external things, in rituals, in the service, in the creeds: if you find him at all, you will find him within. If we find the life of rest and peace, the divine life, we must find it within. We cannot get out of the world.

That was the monkish way,—trying to escape from the turmoil of life by fleeing to the wilderness or into caves or monasteries, while they forgot that, even if they went there,

they would carry themselves with them. What we need to-day is to learn the secret of peace, the union with God and the divine life, in the midst of the household worry, in the midst of the business distractions, in the midst of the common things of life. I am not talking airy nothings : I am talking the most intense reality of life. Study the history of the thought, the feeling, of the greatest of the world, and you find it here. They did not leave business, they did not leave the external things of life, they did not leave association with their fellow-men ; but they climbed up into the unselfish, into the inner. They climbed up into the peace of conscious living with God.

Think a moment. If a man finds out after years of experience that his money does not make him happy, that his house does not make him happy, that his place on the street does not make him happy, that neither his political position nor his social state makes him happy, if he finds no peace in these,—and never yet did a man find peace or rest in these,—at last he may begin to learn that up in this inner, higher world of thought, of feeling, of the spirit, of recognition of the life in and with God, is manhood, is womanhood ; that here is the essential thing of life, here is peace, here is happiness, here is rest.

And then what? Old age, death. Is a man's ascent through? If he has lived only in the outer and the lower, then he feels as though it were through, and that he is gradually being stripped of the only things, the chief things, for which he cares. But suppose a man has learned to love the world of thought, the inner world, the world of love, the world of the eternal, then he knows that death may do its worst. Other men come to the brink, and feel that disease and old age are pushing them over into an abyss. They have not spiritual eyes, and they see nothing but the gulf;

and they shrink back and cry for life. But the one who lives in the spirit, who has cultivated the higher and the divine, he sees before him, where it looks like a gulf and an abyss, only the next step in the stairway that "slopes through darkness up to God." And he steps out not over the edge of an abyss, but on to the lower step of that ladder which, like that of Jacob's vision, leads to the foot of the throne. And so, keeping all his magnificent heritage from all the past, all the treasure of his thought, all the treasure of his love, we still see in the mist and beyond the shadow *a man ascending.*

